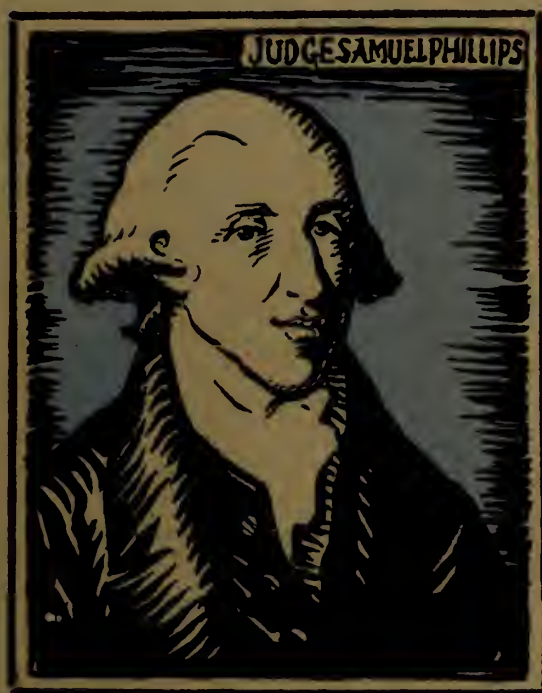


SESQUICENTENNIAL RECORD

PHILLIPS



ACADEMY

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THE SESQUICENTENNIAL RECORD

In commemoration of
The One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of
Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

May Eighteenth and Nineteenth, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-eight

A. PORTER THOMPSON, *Chairman*
ALFRED OGDEN, *Business Manager*

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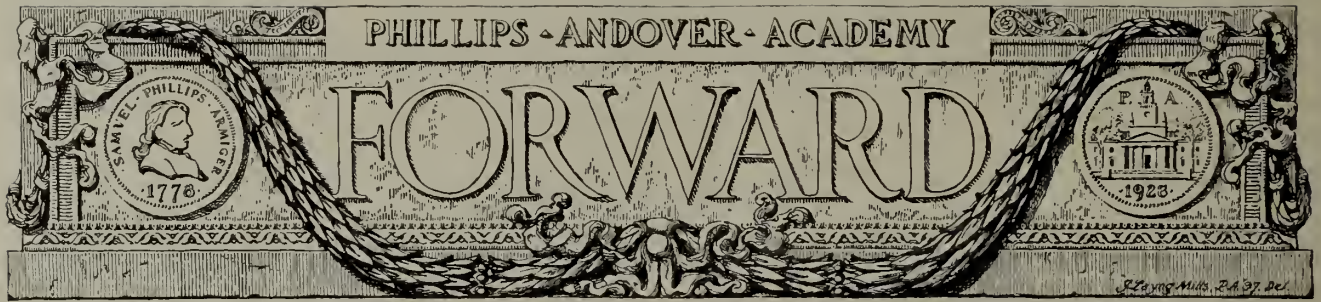
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IT was the purpose of the editors of this publication to assemble, not only a group of stories, poems, letters, and drawings about Andover, but also special articles characteristic of the work of Andover alumni in various fields.

It is only fitting in this place that the editors acknowledge the excellent cooperation which the contributors have given in sending material. The editors also wish to thank the following for their kind assistance and advice in the making of the book: Dr. Claude M. Fuess, Arthur W. Leonard, Allan V. Heely, Archibald Freeman, Professor Allen R. Benner, John H. Dye, Scott H. Paradise, Miss Sarah Frost, and the many others.



To
James Cowan Sawyer

For Twenty-eight Years Trustee and Treasurer
of Phillips Academy, whose Interest and
Friendship have won him the Love
and Esteem of Hosts of
Andover Students

This Magazine is respectfully dedicated



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JAMES C. SAWYER, '90

This Portrait was drawn especially for the SESQUICENTENNIAL RECORD by Raymond M. Crosby, '93.

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J. C. SAWYER
TREASURER

Editors of the Sesquicentennial Record—

You have done me great honor by this dedication and I thank you sincerely. The friendliness which you act implies is very much appreciated and will be cherished.

I congratulate you on this splendid publication which so adequately marks the day we are all celebrating. A glorious past is a fine inheritance and will be the inspiration for a new era of even greater accomplishment.

Sincerely Yours

James C. Sawyer
March 30. 1928



ANDOVER 2078 A.D.

STATUES UNEARTHED DURING THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS ON THE SITE OF "AN OLD NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL"
 THE CHARACTER OF THESE EFFIGIES WOULD SUGGEST THAT THEY USED TO DECORATE THE CHAPEL

From the Gay Nineties

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON, '96

LOOKING back across the gulf of years, I see a skinny little fellow in what were then called short pants walking up the path to the old Academy building on School Street on a fine September morning. His face shone with eagerness and excitement. It was his first day at Andover. He was something like that obnoxious child in Tarkington's story who clamored for attention, because he, too, in his boyish egotism, had to tell somebody all about it. That somebody chanced to be a red-headed man named Stone, who was unfortunately walking up the path at the same time. But if Mr. Stone thought, as he probably did, "Here's a fresh one! Wait till he takes French!" he gave no sign of it, but smiled in kindly fashion. And presently the small newcomer found himself herded with others more or less like himself, in his first class. But there was one who didn't wear short pants. He not only wore long pants, but a mustache. He sat beside the little boy, and took a great shine to him, because, he said, the little boy reminded him of his own son back home! Fancy that, a man thirty-seven years old, married, with a family, at last saving enough money to keep his family for a time and then coming to Andover and entering with the smallest boys. Good old L——, he remained in school two or three years, and never led the class; indeed, I think it was harder for him to learn than it was for us youngsters — but always cheerful, always carrying himself in a trying position with enough dignity to protect him from ridicule, yet enough youthfulness to make us feel at home with him. And when it came to class meetings, we listened to his advice with unconscious deference. I don't suppose a man of that age is at all likely to enter Andover now. Public, night, and continuation schools have pretty well taken care of such unfortunates. But as far as Andover is concerned, that is rather a pity, because there was something deeply educational to a small boy to discover in the seat beside him a man of thirty-seven, and to realize the passion for knowledge which this represented. It added to his own respect for the educational process.

It added to his respect, too, to find boys at Andover living in little wooden tenements known as Latin and English Commons, where the room rent was, as I recall, nine dollars a year (and high at that), and earning their tuition and the three or four dollars a week necessary to pay for what Major Marland optimistically called food, by doing all sorts of menial tasks. Some collected and distributed laundry. Some took care of the rooms in the brick cottages or at least went through the motions. Some tended furnaces in private houses. And so on. These chaps were a world apart from the elegant creatures who lived in the fashionable boarding houses, who wore high collars and pointed shoes and read

"Town Topics" ostentatiously on the Saturday train to Boston, and were members of mysterious secret societies about which they couldn't possibly speak or they would never make "Bones" when they got to Yale. Year after year, to be sure, some of the boys who at Andover had peddled laundry and hung their slop pails out of the back windows of Latin Commons, made "Bones," and year after year most of the high-collared Fem-Sem-chasing, rich-papaed little sports disappeared into the undistinguished mass of collegians. But that is a lesson they never learned, and never will learn. There were some boys at the school, however, whose papas were neither rich nor poor, who looked about them at the sports and at the Commons crowd toiling hard and suffering what seemed ignominy for the sake of an education, and decided that as between the two wisdom and character were like to lie with the Commoners. That was a valuable lesson. It is a lesson that cannot be taught in a class room, that can only be taught in a democratic school which is rich in contrasts, and which gives opportunity and encouragement to the poor boy with ambition and energy. It is one of the things which has made Andover great. I am inclined to think it is one of the chief things.

The little boy we started with was witness during his four years of a curious phenomenon. The same year he entered Andover as pupil, a certain olive-skinned young man entered it as instructor, and began by teaching freshman English. He was a very young teacher, and we learned no English, partially because one never does learn any English in prep school English courses, and partially because his discipline was terrible. Four years later, when the boy was graduated, his class voted this teacher the best disciplinarian in the faculty, and during Senior year, while teaching Greek, Mr. Benner gave to most of the boys the best practice they had in English. The boy sat beneath the bust of Socrates, and between Bummy Booth and E. C. Carter (known always as Digamma Carter), and with the rest read the Odyssey at sight. He remembers those mornings more clearly and more pleasantly than any other feature of his life at Andover. He went to that class with unflagging zest, he actually looked forward to it with eagerness. A good story was going to be read, there was going to be the fun of getting the Greek into some sort of decent English, and if possible English which would carry a hint of the original vividness. The teacher had a kindly word for a brave effort, and a kindly smile for an amusing blunder. Nobody in class, except of course a few of the inevitable dumb bells, was bored. The hour went quickly and happily. We learned (temporarily) some Greek, a good deal of English,

(Continued on page 68)



"Macaronis, as we called them then — trousers ran amuck and caused as much reeling, floundering, and falling as does our modern gin."

Vachel Rutisgrwt

A NOVEL.

By RING LARDNER

Writer; father of two Andover undergraduates

PROLOGUE

GO back with me a hundred odd years, to the close of the first half century of Andover's existence. The well-groomed undergraduate of today, subscriber to the elegant custom of doing without garters and allowing highly tinctorial hosiery to conceal the unpolished grandeur of his shoes, will doubtless smile in derision when I tell him that the dandies of that period (macaronis, we called them then) made it a practice never to wear belt or suspenders, and their trousers, insecurely bound to their ankles by bicycle clips, ran amuck along the sidewalks and caused as much reeling, floundering, and falling as does our modern gin.

Go back with me to the time when Exeter was a girls' school, known as Phyllis' Academy for Females, a rival of Wellesley and Vassar and the Smith Brothers' College at Northampton, when Exeter came to Andover not as opponents in baseball, football or track, but as partners in the dance; go back with me to one night in particular, the night on which my story opens, the night on which I pressed between the pages of my copy of "The President's Daughter" a spray of fungus growth that had dropped from the gleaming shoulder of my Cynthia, my dream girl of a century since.

CHAPTER I

It was Junior Prom night at Andover, and the corridors of the massive Hotel Pennsylvania were thronged

with bewhiskered, suspenderless sons of old P. A. and resplendent, whiskerless daughters of young P. E.

Everyone seemed to be talking at once and all pronouncing one name — Vachel Rutisgrwt — and quite a chore to pronounce it, said one wit. (Editor's note: Does that qualify him as a wit?)

"Where is Vachel Rutisgrwt?" said a sub-primary Andoverite, his scholastic inferiority proclaimed by the fact that his trousers swept a very small area of sidewalk.

"And where is Vachel Rutisgrwt?" cried a fair Exeter senior, whose dentist had evidently reached California first and collected a plethora of nuggets.

And who, says the author, was Vachel Rutisgrwt? Just Andover's star athlete for that season — No. 5 on the polo chukker, third base coach on the baseball nine, tackling dummy on the football team, and corkscrew on the eight; a man so far superior to the present readers, and author, that it is a sad commentary on present day humanity that he is not both writing and reading this lethargy.

CHAPTER 2

The evening wore along until it was about eleven o'clock by Andover clocks and time hourly furnished by the American Telegraph Company. Everybody was still looking for Vachel Rutisgrwt. The orchestra of fourteen pieces, all clarinet repair men, had long since

(Continued on page 68)

Andover in the Some-Time-Since

By EDWARD S. MARTIN, '72

Author; Writer of Editorials in "Life" and "Harper's"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. G. COOPER

I CAME to Andover in the Spring of 1870. The new phase of education began for me as soon as I got on the train heading East from Auburn. My brother and the two Beardsley boys who were my guides and companions on the train taught me between Auburn and Syracuse to play casino. In my mother's household there never had been card playing except on special occasions for the entertainment of visitors, but when I got to Andover I came with a new accomplishment, casino.

Phillips Academy at that time was considerably more Puritan than the household I had grown up in, and was doubtless passing through the same process of modification of Puritan austerities. The theories of conduct had not changed much since much earlier times, but in practice matters had become somewhat alleviated and were doubtless easing up. I was fourteen years old when I went there and well fitted for the junior class by home teaching by tutors. Boys of that age see only the externals of school management. Uncle Sam Taylor, universally known as Unc, was a formidable and considerably fabulous figure. He was a strong believer in authority, which had more vogue in schools half a century ago than it seems to have at present. I got my early idea of him from my brother in the class ahead of me who had been subjected to his admonitions. He had described to me the charges of frivolity and general worthlessness that Uncle Sam had assailed him with in private interviews; how he had accused him of bad associates; of his intimacy with X and Y and Z, and in turn, when he admonished X, Y and Z accused them of pernicious association with *him*. Nothing much ailed my brother except that he was a cheerful spirit and had no uncontrollable thirst for book knowledge. The truth is Uncle Sam to the schoolboy mind was an ogre,



reputed to be very fast on his feet in chasing boys who got out into the landscape, especially in the dark, in defiance of regulations. The rules held that every boy should be in his room at night unless he had a valid excuse for being out of it. If he was at a prayer meeting or at Philo or otherwise improving himself spiritually or mentally by permitted association, that was lawful, but the pursuit of pleasure after dark was never lawful,

especially if it led into Pike's oyster saloon, which was frequented by adventurous spirits who felt the need of regaling themselves with oyster stews at lawful or unlawful times.

There were restraints in those days, but after all there was plenty of legitimate fun. In the Spring there was lots of baseball; in the Fall there was a primitive football, played with a rubber ball, by all the boys that came out; in the Winter there was skating and hockey on a pond somewhere up beyond the Theological Seminary, and it seems to me that coasting on double runners down School Street was sometimes allowed. We certainly had coasting. There wasn't any lack of wholesome sports even sixty years ago.

When we think of the past, we see it in pictures that for some reason often quite disconnected from their importance, have stayed in the mind. In my mind there is a picture of a boy with a large green necktie who played right field on our class nine. Right field on the ball field of those days was down hill and that boy's head, shoulders and necktie appeared above the hill and that was all of him that was visible. The right fielder took his place as far down the hill as he could get without losing sight of the batter. That boy with the green necktie was my classmate Charles Sumner Bird, afterward my classmate in the class of '77 in Harvard College, a strong and lively character who dwelt in the English Commons and lived to be one of the notable manufacturers and politicians of Massachusetts.

Another picture I have is of George Taylor sitting up inside the fence in the garden of his house watching the ball games. He had half of the double house just above what was then the site of the Academy building. His father, Uncle Sam, had the other half of it.

Our relations with teachers in those days were not intimate. George Taylor, however, was not at all a terrorist. I think he was a good teacher, anyhow my relations with him were always agreeable. He taught the first division of the middle class. The second division was taught by Hawkes, known as Billy Hawkes, a gentleman, but one whose temper was liable to disturbance in class by the pupils.

Another picture I have is of a lively boy with light curly hair, abundantly articulate, a good baseball player, captain of our class nine, as I remember more or less disorderly, inattentive to raiment, but a good scholar and a competent debater. That boy was William Henry Moody, from Danvers, afterwards Secretary of the Navy under Roosevelt and finally on the bench of the United States Supreme Court.

Another eminent character in our class was Robert J. Cook, from Cookstown, Pa., who came to be the



THE OLD MANSION HOUSE, THE SITE OF THE PRESENT CHURCHILL HOUSE

"— a really delightful house of entertainment."

famous Yale oarsman and coach. He was older than most of us, perhaps nineteen or twenty, physically very able and mentally able too in his way; a strong willed fellow, a good fighter, a leader in the class, but not much in favor with the class above us who perhaps saw in him a degree of vigor not suitable in a junior, and also complained of his manners and that he wore ungentelemanly shoestring neckties. All these criticisms, however, Cook survived and duly got to Yale and to a career as college oarsman and coach.

Still another classmate was Victor Lawson of Chicago, like Cook, several years older than the majority of us, and on his way to be a famous and successful newspaper-publisher in Chicago. He was much more mature in thought and accomplishments than most of us and came to Andover, at 19, for a little more formal education before he went to work. He was of Scandinavian origin and his father had been, and may have been at that time, the editor of the paper called *The Scandinavian*. He was aware of the existence of Thomas Carlisle and could talk about him. I used to see him at Mrs. Tenney's boarding house where I lived, and was concerned with him, strange to say, in the enterprise of introducing cushions into our seats in the chapel of the Seminary where we went to church. Discourses in that chapel intended for the theologs were liable to be protracted and Lawson was of a sufficient maturity to realize that sitting on a bare board seat for an hour or more listening may be to the outpourings of Josephus Flavius Cook was a condition that needed to be ameliorated. So he got together some money, had some cushions made somewhere and he and I and probably others put them into the chapel through the window at night, arranged them on our seats and got away undetected. This insubordination was apparently condoned, for the cushions stayed where we left them.

Lawson got rich as a newspaper publisher in Chicago where his papers always maintained a high character and standing. In his will he left large bequests to charitable and religious uses, one especially to the Chicago Theological Seminary. A diary that he kept at Andover has been found. Being 20 years old, and a responsible young man, he was naturally impatient of the somewhat antiquated rules of the school which he considered quite absurd and paid rather scant attention to. He speaks of being implicated in a New Year bonfire which was stopped, much to his indignation, by the school police consisting of Uncle Sam and other teachers just before it was lighted. He was also one of a party



that went with some girls on a sleigh ride to a supper at Lowell. There was nothing wrong about it, but it was a heinous offence against the rules of the school and all the boys concerned were suspended. Lawson took his medicine with the rest but with much inward remonstrance.

Our daily habit as I recall it was to walk downtown in the middle of the day. There were several objectives in the village, the post office, Draper's book store, and Chandler's where we could buy newspapers, fruit, cakes, candy and such things and could get them on tick if our credit was good.

For longer walks there was the Shawsheen River more or less famed in story and in the verses, not always decorous, of the mock programs which were a regular

feature of the commencement exercises in the hall at the top of the Academy building. They had to be smuggled in and passed about in spite of the vigilance of the authorities, but it was done.

Sometimes when there was a good moral show in the village we went to it, — musical shows, as a rule, preferred. I remember the delight of seeing and hearing Barnabee sing "The Wooden Leg" and the rapture of hearing "I saw Esau kissing Kate" sung by the Harvard Glee Club. When I read that the present Harvard Glee Club has abandoned all such ditties in its concerts and under a highly qualified director does well with real music, I feel that in some particulars the world has gone backwards.

The most eventful day in the school in my time was that day in the winter of 1871 in which Uncle Sam on his way to Biblical on Sunday morning suddenly collapsed at the door of the Academy building and expired almost immediately. That, of course, was a very stunning occurrence. To the school it was like the end of the world; highly dramatic and abounding in consequences. The boys, however, survived the day, and with darkness came a new sensation, the violent clanging of fire bells on the atmosphere of mourning, the appearance of Deacon Chandler and the school engine drawn or followed by the entire school down the hill to a big fire in Ballardvale. The school engine of those days

the custom of leaving it standing after a fire in front of the main building of the Fem. Sem. When the woods got afire sometimes it went out, but this Ballardvale fire had a good deal more ginger in it than fires in the woods and of course acted as a thrilling outlet for the suppressed emotions of that eventful day.

One picture of that fire has survived the years, — Alec Irwin a husky youth, at the top of a ladder, holding the hose pipe, squirting water into the burning factory. Alec Irwin came from Pittsburgh and played second base on the school nine and was a cousin of Alec Nevin also from Pittsburgh, and also a prominent player on the nine and a beautiful figure of youth. Nevin had graduated with the class of 1870 and gone to Yale. Pennsylvania, including the Pittsburgh district, was an important contributor to our school in the seventies. In my class the Pittsburghers were McCord and William N. Frew, the latter in his later years known by his connection with some of the Carnegie endowments. From Reading came Livingood, Nickel from Connellsville, from Philadelphia, Shannon, and Cook, as said, from Cookstown.

Of Dr. Taylor my impressions were merely those of a young boy who took in what he heard. To us, as I have said, the master of the school was considerably an ogre, but my class never came under his personal instruction, and that I regret, for he might have made something even of me. He was Scotch-Irish by descent, from Londonderry, New Hampshire. That accounts for a good deal of the impression he made on the boys, but anyone who really wants to know about him can get full information out of the funeral sermon preached about him by Professor Park, his next-door neighbor, highly gifted in discourse, who knew him long and intimately and greatly liked and honored him. He was Principal at Phillips Academy for 33 years and was only 64 when he died. Among grown people who really knew him, he ranked very high indeed both as a man and a school-master, and as a classical scholar and a teacher he won a great reputation.

Go back sixty years and you will doubtless find in most important schools very much the same ideas of school discipline and the means of enforcing it that prevailed in Phillips Academy in the '60s and '70s. Uncle Sam scolded the boys for their sins. When their infractions of the rules seemed to him too serious to be corrected by exhortations he suspended or dismissed them. There wasn't any flogging, so separation from the school was the only available form of correction. Of course, in sixty years the attitude of schoolmasters towards boys has changed very much. God looked different to our grandfathers than He looks to us. What Uncle Sam thought of boys no boy in my time ever knew. As far as they were concerned he was the great natural obstacle to sport. Nevertheless his purpose in life undoubtedly was to make as good scholars as possible, as good characters as possible and to keep order during the process. To the boys who were earnest students he must have seemed much less awful than to those to whom lessons were not much more than an



was one with hand brakes. It did good service at fires, its usefulness being not unfavorably affected by its service in providing entertainment for the boys, nor yet by



"The Theologs of the Seminary figured in the picture of that day when the Seminary was still an Andover institution."

unavoidable incident of connection with the school and an indispensable preliminary to admission to college. To poor boys he was tireless in aid and counsel.

After Uncle Sam died the school went on for the rest of the year under the domination of William G. Goldsmith, the head of the English Department. Some of the seniors left and continued their studies elsewhere. The next year came Frederick Tilton from Newport and continued as principal for two years and it was under his administration that my class graduated.

I suppose it is not fair to expect justice of school masters. There is the story of a man who walked down Pennsylvania Avenue with a justice of the Supreme Court, and said as they came to where they parted:

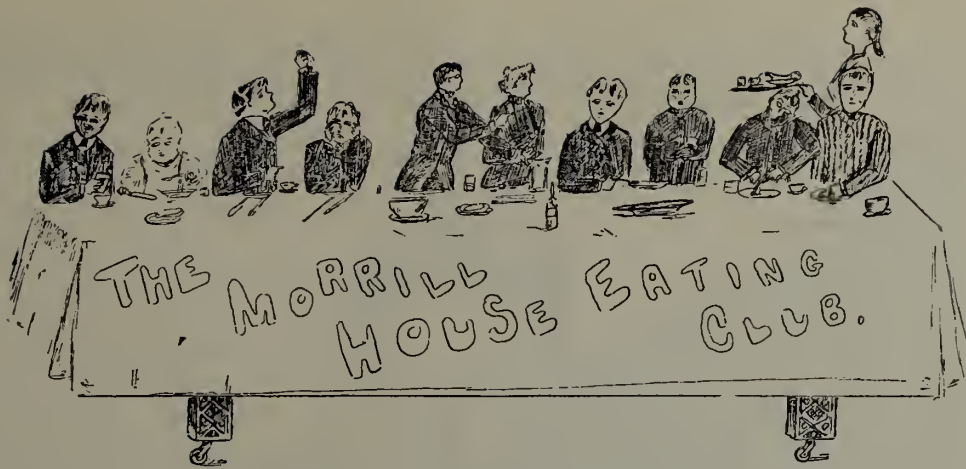
"Good-bye Judge, go in and do justice." But the old Judge turned back to him: "Justice!" he said, "what has that got to do with my job?"

True enough the job of a high court is to define and expound what the law is, so that men may know what they can do, and what not. Enforcing the law as it is, may do an injustice and often does. No doubt school masters' justice is something like that. Their purpose is to maintain a discipline that is essential to the usefulness of their schools. To do that they must enforce such rules as seem necessary and in enforcing them they may often do injustice toward this or that pupil. Being fallible sometimes they decide wrong; but oftener, in the

(Continued on page 69)

"The gymnasium in the old school building above the Seminary did an active business."





Left to Right: "Andy" Gilmour, '92; Edgar Rice Burroughs, '94; "Gus" Thompson, '92; S. C. Conde, '95; Frank Burroughs, '93; May Morrill; Wirt Thompson, '94; Mancel Clark '94; B. F. Rice, '93; "Art" Foote; '92.

A Horrible Example; or the Man Who Could Not Say No

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, '94

EVER since I was first honored by an invitation to contribute to the *Sesquicentennial Record* I have been endeavoring to refresh my memories of Andover, but thirty-six years is a long time, and once again I am forced to regret my inability to say no. As I sit before my typewriter I discover a growing suspicion that I shall not be alone in my regrets.

Beside me are copies of the *Philo Mirror* for the Fall Term of '91 and for the Winter Term of '92. I had not opened these for, lo, these many years. Perhaps it would have been just as well if I had never opened them. They contain poems and numerous illustrations of my composition, the less said concerning which the better, except that they point the horrible example of the man who could not say no.

Some one must have asked me to commit these crimes and in my weakness I committed them. Doubtless, had they asked me to murder my grandmother, I should have been equally spineless, and my contention is borne out by evidence, for about the same time I was asked to play a guitar in the Mandolin Club and agreed with alacrity, although I cannot conceive that I could have done so without misgivings, inasmuch as I had never played a guitar, am totally devoid of any sense of music, and did not know one note from another.

As the *Mirror* does not record my name in the roster of members of the Mandolin Club of 1892, I am forced to the conclusion that there were among them youths of stronger fiber than myself — youths who could say NO, and did; but I discover other evidences of weakness among my fellows. I learn, a fact that had escaped my memory, that I was President of P. S., '94. Perhaps I was the only member of the class who attended the election, but the chances are that it was just another

instance of my inability to say no, that has dogged my footsteps through life and which, a few years later and at another school, resulted in my appointment as a teacher of geology, a subject which I had never studied. As a professor of geology I was a star guitarist.

The time-yellowed *Mirror* records the class colors of P. S., '94 — pale blue and burnt orange. When one considers their choice of a presiding officer the selection of blue seems nothing short of an inspiration, but the fruit should have been lemon.

"Semper prodeuntes"! That was our motto. As to its meaning I remind myself of one of the defense attorneys in the recent Hickman trial out here where the sun shines three hundred and sixty-six days a year, who said that *dementia praecox* was from a French word meaning early youth — I do not know it. It might mean continually bobbing up, for I am quite sure that many of the asinine things that I did in my youth are going to keep continually bobbing up from now on to fill me with confusion and cover me with blushes after these confessions fall into the hands of the three superior young monuments that I shall leave behind me to signalize the fact that I have not lived entirely in vain.

Because I could not say no one day in Lawrence, Banty concluded that Andover could wriggle along toward its destiny without me. I feel that he was ill-advised, for if he had kept me there under observation, and learned what ailed me, I might have been taught to say no and a great guitarist thus saved for humanity, and horrified book reviewers and librarians delivered from a constantly recurring incitation to murder.

But he let me go and, years afterward, when something within me told me to write a book I could not say

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COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD, U. S. N.

Commander Byrd started his adventurous career at the age of twelve when he made a trip around the world alone. During the war he established and operated U. S. Naval forces in Nova Scotia, sending planes out to sea to watch for German submarines. He later had charge of the navigation of the N. C. transatlantic flights. He was sent to England in 1921 to navigate the ZR-2 to America, and in the summer of 1925 he explored 30,000 square miles of Arctic Territory in the MacMillan expedition. In 1926 taking off from King's Bay, Spitzbergen, he flew directly to the North Pole and returned. In the summer of 1927 he flew the Fokker monoplane *America* from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, to Ver-sur-mer on the coast of France. It was in 1927 that Commander Byrd spoke at Andover and it is this magazine's greatest honor to be able to have him among its contributors.

My Trip to the South Pole

By COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD, U. S. N.

I APPRECIATE your including my name in the list of those asked to contribute to the *Record* in honour of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Phillips Academy. It is indeed an honour.

I shall try to give an idea of my forthcoming Antarctic expedition by answering, briefly, a few of the more important questions which the interested reader would be most likely to ask.

Probably the first one, and certainly the easiest one, to answer is:

"WHEN ARE YOU GOING?"

I propose to sail from New York in September 1928, and hope to fly over the South Pole during the season of 1928-29 or 1929-30.

The second, the most insistent, and by far the most difficult to answer, takes one of these forms:

"WHY ARE YOU GOING?"

"WHAT IS THE USE OF GOING TO THE SOUTH POLE?"

"WHAT IS DOWN THERE THAT COULD BE OF ANY VALUE TO THE WORLD?"

The difficulty of making a satisfactory answer to this question makes it almost unanswerable. But let me try to frame a reply.

The Antarctic Continent is, roughly, the size of Europe and Australia combined. It is a huge, high plateau, most of which appears to be covered with a vast ice sheet. Except on a tiny fringe at one or two spots, where seals and penguins abound, this white wilderness is, so far as known, as lifeless as space, and almost as cold. It does, at first sight, seem unreasonable to spend large sums of money and face great hazards in order to know more about so uninviting a part of the world. The only thing the expedition can promise is a tithe of abstract information, though our tour will be primarily a scientific one. As a result of apparently aimless research we now have many famous inventions and devices which add immeasurably to our comfort and safety. Each, though it seemed to come suddenly, was the culmination of generations of plodding, abstract inquiry into the unknown, and more often than not the inquirer was jeered and scoffed at for his pains. Arctic exploration is just such an inquiry after abstract knowledge. We anticipate no immediate gain from it, unless it is from our meteorological investigations. The expedition's Scientists can, perhaps, unfold something of the past. Our justifiable incentive is that we shall add to man's store of knowledge in the abstract, if only by gazing upon, and mapping a portion of the four million square miles of Antarctic territory never yet seen by a human eye.

With aeroplane cameras we should be able to secure photographs of rocky peaks, whose rocky sides, because of their vertical position, will be bare. This will give

an accurate geological section and a better one than could be obtained by a land explorer. It is possible that mineral deposits may be discovered. (It is an interesting fact that the only known cryolite in the world is found at Ivigtut in ice-covered Greenland.)

It is possible that an ice-age covered the Antarctic at a comparatively recent date and destroyed all land life. If this is true the fact can be disclosed, by investigation, and we will thus learn more about the geological ages into which the past of the world has been divided.

The next question is:

"WHY HAVE SO MANY FAILED IN ATTEMPTING TO REACH THE SOUTH POLE?"

The answer to this oft-repeated query is an easy one. The mystery of the Antarctic has not been solved because the approach to the frozen continent is guarded by a great icepack belt, sometimes hundreds of miles wide.

And even when this belt is penetrated, the land is still further guarded, so far as we know, by a solid wall of ice that sometimes reaches the height of 250 feet. It is often very difficult to find locations where these cliffs can be scaled. Then the weather conditions are worse than in any other part of the world. The Antarctic region is a frozen one, even in the summer time, and is subject to sudden and violent snow storms which may rage for days at a time.

The next question is:

"HOW ARE YOU GOING?"

We are going by ship, probably a whaler which has been built to withstand the buffeting of the ice in the Antarctic waters. The ship will be reinforced at the bow and around the water-line with extra thick iron plates so that it will be able to withstand the terrible blows we may have to give the ice to get through it. Since we shall be so long away from our last port of call that the coal bunkers will not be able to hold anything like enough coal, we shall have to arrange several of the cargo holds of the ship to hold hundreds of tons of extra fuel.

In another specially arranged hold we shall carry our three planes — one a big monoplane with three engines and a wing-spread of seventy-two feet, and two smaller monoplanes with single engines. (All of these planes will be equipped with interchangeable landing gear — pontoons, skis, and wheels, thus making it possible to land or take off from water, snow or land.) The ship will be equipped with powerful radio, with which we shall make an effort to keep in constant touch with the outside world. There will be a year-and-a-half's supply of food stored in the ship. This will supply the personnel of the ship in the event that it is necessary to spend the Antarctic night before returning.

Perhaps the next question will be:

"WHO IS GOING WITH YOU?"

In the South Polar region lies the greatest adventure in exploration and aviation. So I am not alone in my enthusiasm, for there are literally thousands of volunteers from all over the world who want to go with us. The selection of personnel is of the utmost importance, because this is the most hazardous region in the world, from aviation standpoint, and we are determined to prepare, so far as is humanly possible, for whatever dangerous situations may arise.

My old and tried shipmate Floyd Bennet* will be second in command. I can say nothing better for Bennet than to state that there is no man in the world whom I had rather go into the Antarctic with than him. Tom Mulroy, Chief Engineer of the North Pole Steamer Chantier, will be one of the Executives, another will be G. O. Noville, Lieut., U. S. N. R., then comes Bert Balchen. There will be fifteen others who accompanied us on our Arctic Expedition last year. I hope to take several Norwegians because they are used to the cold and know the ice. We will take with us a zoologist, a geologist, an ornithologist, a biologist, a meteorologist, an ichthyologist, a geographer, and an expert on magnetism.

And now we come to the last question. I do not assume that even a meagre interest would not give rise to many other questions, but I am attempting to answer only a few of the most important ones.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE WITH YOU?"

Besides the food supply mentioned, we will carry material for the establishing of sub-bases every hundred miles. We shall carry an additional small radio set,

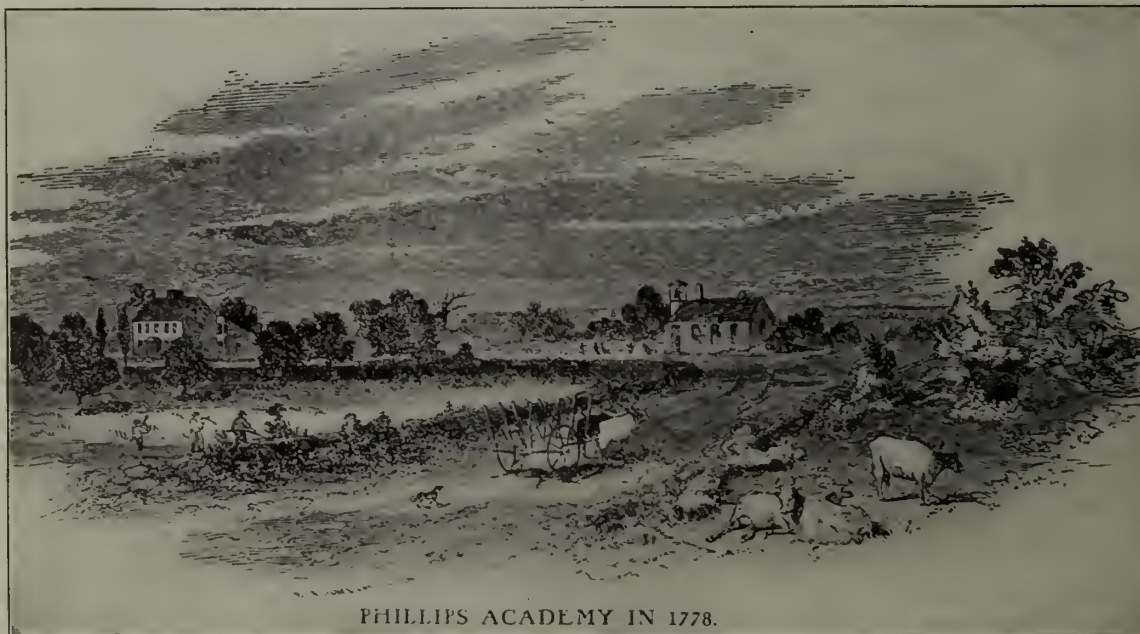
* This article was written before the death of Floyd Bennet.

besides the large and powerful one; this set will have a high frequency and short wave and will be cranked by hand, so that we may reach the base in case we have to land on the ice.

We will carry mapping cameras, scientific instruments, four or five portable houses, fifty Eskimo dogs — Mr. Arthur T. Walden, of Wanalancet, N. H., is now engaged in preparing a freight-dog team — though the majority of dogs will come from Alaska. We will carry coal, gasoline, and oil for heating and cooking purposes, sleds (some of them air-propelled), supplies for work-shops — some of these work-shops will be cut out of the ice at our bases. We shall undertake, as soon as we arrive, to secure a kill of seals to lay by for possible use during the winter months, for there is no scurvy where there is fresh meat.

Our main base will be outfitted to maintain itself indefinitely without outside help. We shall have a small, light team of dogs and a sled which we will take in the plane with us on the final dash for the pole.

And finally, let me say that I shall be thrilled with the greatest satisfaction when I look down into the tens of thousands of square miles never before looked upon by man. But the greatest of all will come if we succeed in planting the American flag at the bottom of the world. It has never been anywhere near there. But we shall probably take with us the flags of several other countries in honor of their noble deeds of exploration. That I think is the spirit of America — the spirit of friendship she has for other nations. It is in their sporting adventurous exploits that nations can strike a common chord and meet on high ground. I believe that an air expedition to the South Pole can also be made a goodwill expedition with the great new instrument of peace and commerce — aviation.



PHILLIPS ACADEMY IN 1778.

A Word from Dr. Lewis Perry

Principal of Phillips Exeter Academy

THERE is no school which has more pleasure in the thought of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of Andover than her sister school, Exeter. Over the stretch of the years these two schools have had the same ideals, the same struggles, the same questionings, and many of the same successes. So when Exeter enthusiastically congratulates Andover, she knows whereof she speaks!

As one thinks of Andover, the names of many eminent alumni come to mind, the names of great teachers like Dr. Taylor, Professor Coy and Professor Forbes, great athletes whose names are famous in school and college, but most of all, one thinks of the scores of boys who, each fall, for one hundred and fifty years, come to Andover Hill for the first time, differing as to

social background, financial advantages and intellectual training, who have found at Andover the measure of their real powers, and the true values in human beings.

Andover has always stood for high scholarship, for true democracy, but most of all for the development of character. In this epoch of great good fortune which has come to Andover, Exeter, unenvious, offers her sincere congratulations. There are new buildings, new professorships, new endowments, but it is the same old school which we know so well — our sternest, truest, dearest rival.

Even on the great Anniversary Day when the achievements of the past will be recounted, the real Andover will be looking forward. May the next fifty years be the greatest she has known!



THE ANDOVER OF TODAY FROM THE AIR

"There are new buildings, — but it is the same old school."



THE MEMORIAL TOWER AND ANDOVER ELMS

Andover Elms

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER, '04

Poet and Author

Strange now, that still unchanging in my mind,
Which has known loss of friendship, hopeless wars,
Encroaching age and pain, should lurk behind
Something not utterly spoilt by time's defacing scars.
Rows of green elms bowed underneath warm rain,
An old grey stone fence and a whitewalled house or two;
And when the rain has passed, will rise again
Hills like deep purple tents on the skies' rain-washed blue.

The sound of the wind within them is the noise
Of a river flowing on from youth to life,
Poised 'twixt expectancy and hard-earned joys,
And hopes quick-spent, grey solitudes, and strife.
Yet the trees hold taut against the wind and bear
Above the earth their plumes, the drooping swell
Of their bold leaves, resisting still the air,
Telling in leafy consciousness all that a tree can tell.

God taught man by a tree, they say. I only know
Beyond the spindrift and the sullen shout
Of oceans yet unfathomed, in a row
Ranked stand the upright elms, as guarding a redoubt
Of faith made clean and fair; youth going under their boughs,
To dream, to laugh, to think, to gaily spend their ease;
To catch perhaps some spar of thought, fit for man's loftiest house,
From these slow-drooping yet undaunted trees.

War Memorials

BY MONTAGUE J. RENDALL

Late Headmaster of Winchester College, the sister school of Andover in England

I N wandering round the World I studied many War Memorials, especially those of the great Schools, and should like to set down three cardinal principles, which have come home to me, and to state one conclusion.

First, the scale and style of the Memorial should in some way represent the society to which it belongs.

What can be more fitting than a plain wooden Cross by the wayside, such as I passed in a mountain village in Corsica? It may stand, perhaps, for a few centuries and then can be renewed, if the peasants desire it. But important societies, like a great School, build a monument to withstand "the wreckful siege of battering days" and be not less "enduring than brass". Such a Memorial makes some demand upon the resources of the community and carries a certain note of sacrifice.

Secondly, the best Memorial is a memorial and nothing else.

This is no occasion for sapping our material needs, however urgent, but for enshrining a sacred memory in some fair casket. Hence, such self-regarding memorials as swimming-baths and playing-fields, which I saw, do

not fulfill their purpose. Are we not in danger of exploiting a measureless sacrifice for our own ends?

Thirdly, a good Memorial must suggest an Ideal.

A soldier in khaki on a pedestal, which we see the world over, even in our railway-stations, awakes poignant memories and makes an appeal to our emotions; but unless the sculptor can put not only steadfastness into his carriage but also the light of love and duty into his eyes, the tale is only half told and the better part is omitted. Perhaps we are asking too much of a sculptor, if we lean on him alone: certainly for all great memorials we must summon the queen of the arts, Architecture.

School Memorials then should be ample in scale, useless (the word is a challenge), and architectural.

Many schools have erected a Memorial Hall, usually a dining-hall, where boys gather twice or thrice daily and dream, perhaps, of heroic names. Others, like Roudebosch at the Cape or Charterhouse in England, have built themselves new Chapels: the latter is a

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BY ALFRED E. STEARNS, '90

THE full significance of this anniversary season cannot be measured or understood by those outward manifestations of an historic event on which judgments are regularly formed. Beautiful buildings completed and planned, the presence of hundreds of old boys and scores of distinguished guests, congratulatory speeches, bands and decorations — all these have their place and an important one. But we must look beneath the surface if we would sense the real meaning in the life of Phillips Academy on this her one hundred and fiftieth birthday.

For several years the trustees have been thoughtfully planning not only for this special event in the life of the school but even more for the long future ahead of which the Sesquicentennial will in a very real sense mark but the beginning. As efficient tools for the achievement of the larger purpose new and modern buildings and extensive grounds are necessary and welcome. But what of the larger purpose?

Secondary education today in the United States has not approached that position of prominence and influence which has been accorded it in foreign lands, especially in England, for many years. The center of the stage has here too long been occupied by the colleges, scientific schools, and universities. To them interest and money have flowed in ever enlarging streams. The finished product makes its natural appeal to all but the most thoughtful while the plain truth is commonly ignored that the finished product can never be better than the raw material of which it is composed. In the manufacturing world this indisputable fact forms the starting point and is never lost from sight. We as a people are only just beginning to awaken to the truth that what is true in the material world is even more generally true in the world of men. Some one has humorously said that secondary education is called "secondary" because it comes first. That it does come first in time no one will deny. To bring home to the public consciousness the more important truth that it comes first in point of importance as well is a crying need of the time; and it is to the accomplishment of this great task that the Trustees of Phillips Academy have set themselves in the belief that the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of the Academy supplies the best kind of a setting and will in turn engender the needed momentum to assure the success of their high and worthy venture.

Far more important than the new and inspiring buildings that greet and satisfy the eye are the new foundations for teachers' salaries which ring the death knell of niggardly material returns for a service than which there is no higher, and the influence of which is bound to be far reaching and stimulating throughout the field of secondary education. Released from the apprehensions that must necessarily distress him as he faces the increasing financial burdens in his home, the extra demands of illness and unforeseen emergency, and the needs of advancing age, the earnest teacher can and gladly will under this new dispensation throw himself with fresh ardor and enthusiasm into the work which his high and unselfish calling entails. A new and challenging appeal will be made to the strong and idealistic men emerging from college halls and scanning the opportunities which life offers them to make their lives count. A new and refreshing dignity will have been given to the teaching profession in the secondary field. The builder of foundations in human character will take his rightful place among his fellow laborers. In its deepest sense this is what this anniversary season truly signifies in the life of our historic school.

BY CLAUDE M. FUESS

MANY hours spent in studying the history of Phillips Academy have impressed upon me the influence and the enduring quality of the theories upon which it was established. When it opened a century and a half ago, it seemed small and unimportant; but, like the acorn, it had within itself immense possibilities for growth, most of which have been so far realized that the school is today a mighty oak in American secondary education. Since its foundation, it has passed through strange vicissitudes: buildings have been erected and burned and replaced; masters have come and gone, leaving memories, *good and bad*, behind them; lean years have succeeded fat years, and calm has followed storm. Yet Phillips Academy, in spite of its expansion and its amazing physical changes, has remained spiritually unaltered. It is unaltered today so far as the essential things are concerned, and the ideals which it now upholds are those which actuated the founders in 1778.

Broad-minded, national, and democratic in its policies, the school has adjusted itself without difficulty to a changing world, simply because any world not

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HEADMASTER ALFRED E. STEARNS
From the portrait by ALEXANDER JAMES

“He Came to Himself”

By ERNEST M. HOPKINS

President of Dartmouth College; Trustee of Phillips Academy

THE school and college of modern times have very different problems than pertained to such educational institutions in the earlier stages of past centuries.

There was a time in the early Middle Ages when the amount of knowledge available to mankind was so limited that men could aspire to possess themselves of all knowledge then knowable. This was the aim of the encyclopedists. Some men among these to a considerable degree achieved their purpose.

Our look now in the educational field is forward rather than backward. Our search is for access to new knowledge rather than for complete acquaintanceship with the factual history of the past. Nevertheless, we cannot safely take up thought in regard to the future until we have some acquaintanceship with that best thinking of the past which constitutes the accumulation of the world's store of wisdom.

Meanwhile, as civilization advances, man increasingly needs subjective knowledge to relate himself intelligently to the more complex objective existence of which he is a part. This is the only way in which he can know reality. Herein is a new and difficult problem for education.

I am no great believer in an attitude of morbid introspection, but more and more I am convinced that a man must acquire some superficial knowledge at least in regard to himself, before he can apply himself with major intelligence to the problem of learning. More and more, I believe, our great preparatory schools and our colleges must apply themselves to the problem of giving the individual man guidance to himself. In no other way can we expect fruitful thought from future generations on the problem of how best to maintain the needful balance between the needful virtues of individualism and the exacting necessities of self-abnegation for the benefit of the group.

Any final solution of this great question is far off in the distant future. Meanwhile, nevertheless, many of our great schools and colleges are devoting their interest to the matter and securing obviously greater results than have been secured heretofore. It becomes increasingly apparent that amid all of the different purposes for which the great schools must stand there should be added this function of overwhelming

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ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN 1875

“A row of three severely rectangular buildings.”



THE OLD ENGLISH COMMONS WHEN DR. THWING WAS AT ANDOVER

"Teems with stories of rough and rugged fun"

A Looking Backward Prophecy

By CHARLES FRANKLIN THWING, '71

President Emeritus of Western Reserve University; President, United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa

MOST school and college boys think much about their futures — as they ought — and talk much about the futures of their comrades — as is also instinctive and proper. I now want, however, to give a bit of backward looking prophecy about some of the boys of my years in the Academy (1868-1871).

My interpretation is summed up in the simple remark that these boys have developed into a manhood abler and finer than the Academy years intimated. This development refers both to their public career and to their character.

For who would have thought that "Johnnie" Patton would have become a senator of the United States, or Charles Sumner Bird a political and civil leader in the Commonwealth, or Almet Jenks (dear Almet) a member of the Supreme Court of New York, or "Sam" Isham an historian of art, an art which his brush helped to enrich, or "Billy" Moody a Representative in Congress, Attorney-General of the United States, Secretary of the Navy, and a Justice of the Supreme Court? These names are starred in the catalogue. But there are other names of the living, representing equal usefulness and eminence, of whom I do not write.

For I am just now interested rather in the development of the character of these brothers than in their public achievement. Whenever, year by year, or de-

cade by decade, my class or my schoolmates have met together, I have been impressed by their improvement and enrichment in all the manifold things which constitute what we call character. The strong have become stronger; the weak, less weak; the timid have taken on courage; the hesitating, directness; the self-distrustful, self-reliance; the iconoclastic have become constructive; the radical, reasonably conservative; the boastful, essentially humble; the selfish, altruistic and cooperative; the careless, considerate in mind and heart; the narrow, magnanimous; the emotional, intellectual; the unstable, self-controlled; and the pleasure loving, laborious. They have sailed on in the course in which the compass was early set, but this course they have pursued worthily and more and more worthily as the voyage has lengthened out.

Occasionally one finds an opposite process and conclusion. The weak have become weaker; the able, less able; the selfish, more selfish. But the general movement is evident and most impressive: the good have become the better; and the better, the best. The general biography is the story of the ascent of the boy into a character nobler and finer than he would himself have dared to hope.

To consider with any degree of adequacy the causes

(Continued on page 71)



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT COMES TO ANDOVER FOR HIS SON'S GRADUATION IN 1913

The President may be seen at the extreme right. Professor Forbes is standing in the doorway and at the extreme left is David May, a familiar figure on the Hill today.

Andover's Value to the Sons of the Rich or Great

By ARCHIBALD B. ROOSEVELT, '13

MUCH has been said of the value of our school to the boy of no means, or of moderate means. I want to take a different point now and show the value of Andover for the sons of wealthy or prominent people.

"As worthless as a minister's son." That was a saying of the last generation. Until recently I could not understand where this idea arose. The ministers' sons that I know, with only one exception, are above the average in both character and ability, so the facts did not, in my experience, bear out the theory. Then it came to me that it was a saying inherited from a previous generation. Undoubtedly there were many ministers' sons in times past who bore out the old saying, and a little thought made me understand why the saying grew up.

In Colonial days, and shortly thereafter, the ministers, by reason of being almost the only educated class, were the outstanding men in their community. Roger Williams and Jonathan Edwards were not only preachers of the Gospel, but were the political and social leaders of the small frontier-like settlements of what is now the United States. All the schools and colleges were in the hands of the clergy and were mainly concerned in educating young men for the pulpit.

As a result of this the minister's son received a better education, and had a higher social position than the other boys of the town. He had an entrée into every house, high or low. But unfortunately in many cases his education in book knowledge was completed before

his character education. He had no transition between the strict discipline of a Puritan home and the liberty of the outside world. So when he left the door of his home, he was sure to run into those men who exist in every community, who live by what they please to call their wits. Naturally, a well-educated boy, with such splendid social connections, and an unformed character, was only too often easy prey for sharpers who used the boy's brains and social connections and debased his character to further their own schemes.

Today the minister is not the outstanding figure in the community that he was in colonial days and shortly thereafter. We all are — or think we are — educated. The outstanding man in a community is apt to be the multimillionaire or prominent lawyer, or well-known politician. And it is to the sons of such men that the sharpers of today look for their natural prey. It is by using the connections of these youngsters that the sharper tries to advance himself. And here is where I think we are better equipped today than in former times.

We are constantly talking today about the advantages of modern education for the boys of poor or moderate circumstances. But, speaking as one whose father achieved prominence in the nation, I feel that the sons of the outstanding figures of the community are the peculiar beneficiaries of modern education — especially such education as is given us at Andover.

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An Andover Hymn

(Tune: "Crusader")

By HENRY H. TWEEDY, '87

Professor of Practical Theology at Yale University

Eternal God, whose wisdom led
Our founders to this hill
To build a home for glorious youth,
Be with their children still!
Our fathers' God,
To thee we sing!
As thy rich blessing through the years
Brings to our faith and toil success,
We pledge our hearts' full loyalty
To manhood's nobleness.

We guard those beacon fires of truth,
Whose light grows never pale.
We tend the altar flames of love,
Whose warmth shall never fail.
O Andover!
Blest Andover!
Mother of men who cast out fear,
Brave hearts that conquer hate and wrong,
God's warriors who in all their fight
Sing love's great battle song.

Here let a man be prized for worth,
And not for fame or gold,
And virtue, thrift and sturdy faith
Rule as in days of old.
O Andover!
Brave Andover!
Till from the grime and greed of earth
Hearts shall at last be fully free,
And peace and brotherhood shall reign
On sunlit land and sea.

O home of beauty, truth and love,
To thy great trust be true!
Walk in the paths our fathers trod!
Their vows to God renew!
O Andover!
Our Andover!
Thank God for thee, thou friend of man,
City of youth on wisdom's hill!
We pledge our minds, our hearts, our hands
To work with thee God's will!

A Bit Odd; but not so Very

By THE REV. CARROLL PERRY, '86

A WILD winter's day, on a Sunday, during my time at the G. S. W. (Greatest School in the World) I received a visit from my father, who took a room at the old Inn of the Eighties, and invited me to dine with him.

A blizzard starting in the neighborhood of the Tewksbury Almshouse swept across the valley and beat against the windows of the Tavern on the Hill. The old gentleman was greatly preoccupied, however, and gave little thought to the weather. For had not his father been a student on Andover Hill in 1817, and had not this forbear sat at the feet of Moses Stuart, the first American scholar to achieve a European reputation?

Not only this: my father rose from his chair by the glowing fire and began to pace up and down the room in accord with habitual custom when he had anything especially upon his mind. "Sonny", said he, "do you realize, do any of you boys realize, that we listened this morning to a sermon of extraordinary ability and fascination?" I confessed that this was knowledge not as yet in my possession, and he went on, in his enthusiastic way, about the message of a very tall slim young

Professor who carried (and was to spread) the name of George Foot Moore.

In after years I thought about that Sunday visit many times; and it gradually came over me that the Boys' Academy was not the only thing that had happened on Andover Hill. There was a great intellectual tradition here; it had begun with *my* school, but had been incalculably enriched later by my grandfather's school!

We are about to have on these famous grounds a noble Library in aid of, and in memory of, American scholarship. This hill is a cool place in summer. Our buildings could comfortably house a small group of post-graduates. Eager students might meet in the summer months for lectures by the world's best scholars on the subjects of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin literature.

I am not talking about a Summer School for lame ducks; nor about a Poultry or Plumbing Institute. I am talking about using fine buildings, in the fine season, for the fine art of presenting Hebrew and the Humanities in a place where both have been loved and lovingly interpreted by gifted men for over a hundred years.



SAMUEL PHILLIPS, Esquire
The father of the founder of Phillips Academy

"A Phillips crossed the water with John Winthrop, and from him descended a long line of ministers, judges, governors, and councillors—a sterling race, temperate, just, and high-minded."

—A writer in *Harper's*

Canada Our Neighbor

BY THE HONORABLE WILLIAM PHILLIPS

American Minister to Canada; descendant of the Founders of Phillips Academy

FOR years we have been thinking of that vast region to the north as an undeveloped, underpopulated stretch of mountains and plains and mighty rivers, possessing unlimited natural resources and a capacity for hydro-electric power such as the world has never known. We have discovered that capital was needed there to start the wheels of industry, and we have supplied it in such a way as to bring benefits upon the people, as well as upon ourselves.

An increasingly active trade has grown up between the two countries, until now we find that the people of Canada, next to those of Great Britain, are our largest customers. The happiest of commercial relations exists between Americans and Canadians, who have come to realize more and more that the prosperity of this continent can be stimulated and increased by closer contacts between its northern and southern halves.

A new era has dawned. The last Imperial Conference in London in 1926 recognized Canada's new status within the British Empire, in the following language: "They (the Dominions) are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." With a view to regularizing her new status, Canada has already established direct diplomatic intercourse with the United States, and the exchange of duly accredited

ministers plenipotentiary between Ottawa and Washington has placed the relations of the two countries upon a new footing.

It is high time for us Americans to give more thought to the splendid qualities of the owners of this mighty northern domain. Business intercourse with them is highly beneficial to us as well as to them. But there is something more to be gained from life than material success. Already we have the business contacts, but we lack the human relationships on which alone is built a foundation of solid friendship.

Our Canadian associates have exactly the same standards of right, justice, and fair play as we have. Moreover, they are a delightful people with a capacity for friendship that comes straight from the heart. They are steadfastly loyal to their mother country and to their great Empire. And in this sense of loyalty is to be found one of the finest qualities in their character.

Let us hope that more Americans will learn to know them, and to appreciate them at their true value, and may we hope that more Canadians will come into personal touch with us, and will realize that we are really very "good fellows", and that we keenly desire for all times their warm friendship.

Cooperation between Americans and Canadians will go far towards stimulating the friendly associations between our country and all parts of the British Empire, and this in turn will have a mighty influence on peace and progress throughout the world.



THE OLD LATIN COMMONS ON PHILLIPS STREET
"As simple and unpretentious as it was possible to make them"

Highways of the Air

BY SENATOR HIRAM BINGHAM, '94
Ex-Governor of Connecticut, Explorer, and Aviator

MEASURED by achievement, it is a far cry from the hazardous experiments of an Orville Wright to the masterful accomplishments of a Lindbergh. Measured by years, however, it is but a brief span since those daring, purposeful pioneers, the Wright Brothers, inspired by prophetic vision, put to the supreme test their theories of air navigation, and on the bleak, wind-swept heights of Kill Devil Hill in North Carolina made the first successful power-driven flight.

It is not yet quite a quarter of a century ago that this epochal event took place, when, on December 17, 1903, for the first time in all history a machine carrying a man raised itself into the air by its own power in free flight, sailed forward on a level course without reduction of speed, and landed without being wrecked. For twelve seconds it lasted. Four flights were made at that time, the final attempt covering a distance of 852 feet, and the plane remaining aloft for fifty-nine seconds.

What a contrast this picture presents to the distance and endurance records of today, when the "Spirit of St. Louis" has spanned the Atlantic and in a few hours' flight has borne America's goodwill greetings to Europe!

The past year in American aviation has been especially notable for a steady increase in the amount of flying, not only military and naval, but in the Commercial field as well. It has been notable also for a growing public understanding of the problems and potentialities of air navigation, and a growing public willingness to accept aircraft as normal instruments for the conveyance of persons and property.

Continued improvement has been manifested in the planes themselves, especially in respect of heightened efficiency and lowered weight of power plant and increased use of metal in wing structure, as well as in decreased cost to the point where airplane engines are now produced at a cost per horse power that is less than the cost of many automobile engines.

A conspicuous service is being performed by the Department of Commerce in the lighting and marking of airways, so that night flying may be carried on and steadily increased. This work was inaugurated by the Department in 1926, under the authority and stimulus of the Air Commerce Act of that year.

While the development has been marked in all branches of aviation, and the public interest has been keyed to a high pitch by the various attempts to establish distance and non-stop flying records, some of which, possibly ill-advised or ill-timed, have ended in disaster, there is perhaps less common knowledge of the well-nigh phenomenal growth which has characterized the activities of that capable public servant, the air-mail.

When this service was inaugurated several years ago the Post Office Department took the initiative and for some time Departmental fliers piloted the air-mail

planes. It was not intended, however, that the Government should continue indefinitely in this venture, but it was felt that it should very properly be the pioneer in demonstrating its practicability, thus marking the trail for private interests to follow when initiative and capital should combine to develop commercial flying to the point where contractual relations could safely be entered into between the Government and private enterprise for the carrying of the mails by airplanes.

That time was not long in arriving. In October, 1925, the Post Office Department began making contracts with commercial companies for the air-mail, and has gradually enlarged the service. Some months ago the Department retired from the field entirely as an active air-mail carrier.

Five contracts were signed October 7, 1925, including the following: Route No. 1, Boston via Hartford, to New York and return, 192 miles each way; No. 2, Chicago to St. Louis, via Peoria and Springfield, Ill., 278 miles each way; No. 3, Chicago to Fort Worth and Dallas, 987 miles each way; No. 4, Salt Lake City to Los Angeles, 600 miles each way; and, No. 5, Salt Lake City to Pasco, Wash., 530 miles each way.

The first of these routes to begin to function under contract was No. 5, on April 6, 1926, although a route, the contract for which was signed in November, 1925, that from Detroit to Cleveland, 91 miles each way, antedated No. 5 in actual operation by about seven weeks.

Steadily the number of air-mail routes has been increased until today, if visible to the eye, they would be found to mark off the heavens in tessellated pattern. There are now in operation eighteen domestic air routes for the carrying of mails. Their total length is 8,044 one-way miles, making a total of more than 16,000 miles flown daily going and returning. The longest of these routes is 1904 miles; the shortest, 91.

Contracts have been let also for seven additional routes, over which there will soon be daily flights of more than 7,000 miles.

By July 1, 1928, therefore, it is expected that twenty-five air-mail routes will be in operation, with a total daily flight of nearly 25,000 miles.

Northward, southward, run these invisible highways of the air, reaching out to the four corners of the land. Daily, nightly, the intrepid air-mail pilots, mastering nature's moods as a matter of everyday routine, pursue their unseen courses, beset by perils of which our forefathers never dreamed, but rarely stayed by storm or stress of circumstance, following their long, long trails into the rising and the setting sun, arrow-like in their direct swiftness.

Of them was Lindbergh, until imperishable fame enshrined him, living, among the immortals.



THE OLD STONE ACADEMY (right)
The corner of Chapel Avenue and Main Street in 1860

Sixty Years Ago and Today

BY THE REV. FREDERIC PALMER, '65

REMINISCENCES by the old are seldom interesting to the young, though they may have an interest for the middle-aged, since these stretch a hand in both directions. When I was in the Academy and elderly men came into our meetings and proceeded to talk about the School as it was in their day, I was bored and wanted some subject more vital. Yet I shall venture to recall two aspects of the condition of Phillips Academy from sixty to seventy years ago, in order to illuminate the far greater wealth of its condition today.

When I entered the Academy in 1863 baseball in its modern form had just come into existence, and the first School team was organized about that time. The only other provision for athletics was the hint at a gymnasium suggested by a swing whose ropes were untrustworthy and a pair of parallel bars standing in a corner of the field opposite the Latin Commons. I need not point to our many playing-fields and well equipped gymnasium to mark the contrast today.

But the change of even greater importance, though the athletic managers might dispute its priority, is in the relation of the students to the head of the School. Those were the days when authority was expected to express itself in brute force, and in most schools, in England and here, the expectation was realized. In the

decade from 1860 to '70 the Principal of Phillips Academy was Dr. Samuel H. Taylor, "Uncle Sam," as he was called, or more commonly "Uncle". He was by nature a shy man, who, like many shy men, supposed that a blustering manner was important and necessary to assert authority. He was a large, heavy man, overbearing, bullying, especially terrifying to small boys. Spies in his pay among the poorer students kept him informed of actions which were unlawful or suspicious; and many a boy was "requested to remain" after Prayers and accused on an unnamed charge in the expectation that he would drop some admission of guilt. I was once summoned to Uncle's study and was met with, "Palmer, your course has cost us sleepless nights of anxiety". I did not know that I had involved sweet Mrs. Taylor in I knew not what. "Why, Dr. Taylor, what have I done?" "That we will not discuss at present; but your course has cost us sleepless nights of anxiety, and unless it is speedily changed, your connection with this institution must cease". "But, Dr. Taylor, I have done nothing out of the way". "We will not now consider that, but your course," etc., with renewed reference to nights of conjugal wakefulness. The interview lasted twenty minutes, when I was dis-

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An Incident of the Great War

[By ELLIOTT R. THORPE, '15
First Lieutenant 26th U. S. Infantry

ALL evening long in the sickly, dripping light of the broken Pintsch-gaz lumière the sergeant and I had alternated in repelling the invasion of our third-class compartment at each stop by bundle-laden, sputtering peasant women or men who mistook our prisoner-laden train for the regularly scheduled train, hours overdue, in keeping with the war-time methods of all French railroads.

It was not a case of prejudice against the buxom, though oftentimes aromatic invaders, nor were we in the class of "special privilege", but rather that we had a long train laden with a cargo of prisoners of war, and experience had taught that in this case, where regulations said no civilians would ride on the train, it was decidedly expedient to follow the law and the gospel as set forth by the Provost Marshal General.

As the night wore on and our patience wore out, the sergeant conceived an effective way of barring the doors to the compartment with a rifle or two, and at last we stretched out ready for such blissful repose as can be acquired on the hard seats of third-class compartments only by men who have been herding a large group of prisoners of war, including some eighty officers, extremely conscious of their rights and privileges, for nearly a week on a railroad journey normally completed in a single night. Prisoners of war going to the rear had no status on the priority schedules of the R. T. O.'s.

The guards had been changed at the last stop and were off my mind for another four hours, so with my head on my musette bag and one leg braced against the opposite seat I slept, and right soundly.

Stop and go! Rattle and bang! How long it was or how far we had gone I have no idea, but as I lay sleeping I heard a voice singing:

"We're here once again with the team, boys;
Five hundred strong, to cheer them on,
So hand out old Andover's name boys,
Across the field" —

At first I thought I was dreaming, perhaps of the great game on Plimpton Field when Ned Mahan showed his heels so many times to the Exeter linesmen; for a few short weeks before I had literally bumped into Mahan on a trip to Brest. The train must have been halted for some time when I became conscious of the fact that a real voice was singing an old Andover football song on the platform of a nameless French railroad station.

I roused up and, after struggling with the barrier we had put across the compartment door, finally opened it and saw in the dim light a single dough-boy sitting on a bag. "Hello," I called out, "what's your outfit?" The solitary soldier looked up and replied, "I'm in the motor transport." Calling again across the iron fence that stood between our train and the platform, I said:

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A Memory of T'ai Yuan-fu

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Author; father of two Andover graduates

IN thinking over what sort of story or paper I might write in the hope of interesting the readers of the *Record*, the following anecdote has come to my mind. And as I have never before written an exact account of the experience, it may be worth while to set it down as accurately as I can remember it. Much of it, fortunately, is still clear in my mind, after twenty-one years.

Early in 1907 I was sent to China to write a series of articles on the opium problem. At that time the old Manchu Dynasty was still in power, with the famous and really able and colorful Empress Dowager on the throne. Throughout the Southern Provinces, below the line of the Yangtse River, the spirit of revolt, which was to break out four years later, in 1911, and tear a vast empire to pieces, was seething, pretty openly. Seven years earlier, in 1900, the Boxer outbreak and the siege of the Legations in Peking had thrilled the world. What with one thing or another, during that first decade of our present century, life in the East was neither quiet nor commonplace.

I spent several weeks in Peking; most of March, in fact; then picked up an interpreter and a cook, and with a great lot of provisions, bottled water and such, caught a south-bound train to Che-ke-fiang (or Chen T'o, or Chien Tang) almost any name appeared to do — you had to know by intuition where to leave the train — whence a narrow-gauge line was under construction through the mountains of Shansi to T'ai-Yuan-fu, the Capital of that province. A sizable walled city, T'ai Yuan, the governmental and commercial center for some twelve million industrious folk. A city of banks, clubs and residences and spreading suburbs.

A word about my servants. The cook, of course, knew no English. I, also of course, knew no Chinese. John, the interpreter, or dragoman, to borrow a word from the nearer East, was a kindly and rather stout man of fifty; trustworthy, of course, like most natives of the old school. But during the journey southward it became apparent that he had little more English than the cook. He could say: "Can do", "No can do", "Have got", "No have got", "Tomorrow have got", "Chow". "Chop-Chop", "Stop now", "Go now", "Pdigin (business) belong your side", "Pdigin belong my side", "Top side", "Too much". Little more. Any more complicated thoughts simply had to remain unexpressed. Furthermore, as soon as we had passed the southern extension of the Great Wall, which follows the divide of the Shansi Mountains, northerly and southerly, he appeared to meet with difficulty in understanding the local speech, which differed considerably from that of his native province of Chih-li. Evidently John and I were each to have a rather lonely time of it.

A word, too, about my pass-port. From the Chinese point of view I hadn't any. By treaty I should have

carried a document in the Mandarin, or official language, authorizing me to travel outside the Treaty Ports. As I had never so much as heard of this requirement, I went cheerfully ahead without it.

We rode all afternoon up into the angular, tumbling mountains of red loess, and spent the night at a clean and attractive village inn. It was the only clean inn I was to meet with. We travelled all the following day in a sort of gondola car to the railhead at Shau-Yang, where we slept at another inn. Then for three days I rode in a springless cart with an arch of matting for a roof. John and cook rode pack animals — two mule-teers having been added to my suite — sitting high, and now and then taking a tumble. Cook, a romantic youth, apparently, sang all day long in a yodeling falsetto. A rambling narrative of life and love, I gathered.

Finally, toward evening of the third day, my little cavalcade wound down from the hills into a flat valley. Signs of more crowded habitation became evident. Walled-in temples, with their bits of greenery, appeared here and there on the high ground. A pair of thirteen-story pagodas towered over the countryside. Finally a great walled city came into view. Walls thirty or forty feet high, with battlements, and with immense gate-towers of superimposed roofs painted red and blue and green. And at the eastern gate, after a little stir of excitement among the soldiers on guard there, and much confused and stumbling argument from John, I was taken into custody. John's pidgin English was unequal to the task of explaining why.

The cart was guided through the narrow, twisting, walled-in streets. The better part of a mile of this, I should say. Crowds followed, jeering. The cart was open at the rear, and sitting within, in what little dignity I could muster, I experienced much the sensation of a man with a silk hat on walking past a crowd of boys with snowballs in their hands.

The soldiers escorted me to an inn, a large courtyard surrounded with buildings and half-open stables, with immense spike-studded gates giving on the street. Two of the soldiers remained to guard me; one at the outer gate, the other squatting on my doorstep. They had carbines, bayonets, revolvers and knives. For two nights and a day then my principal diversion was to peep out through holes in the paper-covered lattice that served for a window, at the formal guard-mount, which took place, day and night, at intervals of a few hours. A series of letters were handed in to me; Chinese calligraphy on red rice paper. I couldn't read them, of course, and John couldn't translate them, beyond the rather unenlightening offer that "Number One Policeman wantchee know pdigin belong your side." So I merely collected the letters.

On the second evening a trembling John knocked at my door. His face was as near pale-green in color as any Chinaman's face can be. He said: "Go now". So we went. In front a soldier with a gay paper umbrella and a boy with a paper lantern. Then myself, with a black umbrella and a heavy overcoat, for it was rainy and cold. Next, John, with another lantern. And by way of rear guard, another soldier.

We walked, I estimated, a mile and a half through the dark and crooked streets. I know we passed through a gate in the city wall and on into the suburbs. A difficulty was that my rubbers were a little large for the shoes I happened to be wearing, and it was not easy, in that clinging mud, to keep them on.

The leading soldier knocked at a door in a wall. We were shown within. I caught a glimpse of a long, dim courtyard with paved walks and flowers, and beyond it the lights of a two-story house. A European house. It was the compound of the English Baptist Mission.

I felt, during the introductions to the group of family and teachers, a sense of constraint. Shortly the missionary, The Rev. Mr. Sowerby, led me to his study and closed the door. He asked gravely: "What news have your boys picked up on the highway?" I explained that as I knew no Chinese, I hadn't a notion. He drew me to a window, and pointed out a white slab of stone in the court. "On that spot," he said, "seven years ago, a girl was burned at the stake. An English girl. One of my teachers."

This was not reassuring. Dimly I began to recall a book I had read a few years earlier, Dr. Arthur Edwards' "Fire and Sword in Shansi". During the Boxer troubles somewhere near a hundred and fifty white persons had been killed, butchered, in this one province. Mr. Sowerby told me that he and his family had escaped through the mere chance of his being away on leave at the time. Then he outlined the new situation. A European mining company, the Peking Syndicate, had negotiated a treaty with the Imperial Government at Peking, by which they acquired monopolistic rights in working the rich beds of iron and anthracite coal within the province. The privileges granted included something not unlike the right of "Eminent Domain." The native companies were forbidden to import modern machinery or to compete in any effective way. As a result of this bit of shrewd negotiation, local feeling ran high. There had been mass meetings of the "gentry and people", with fulminations amounting to threats of rebellion. The whole province was seething. There was even talk of joining with the southern provinces in the brewing revolt against the Manchus. It was a dangerous time for foreigners to be wandering about the province. Indeed, a Committee of the Directorate of the Peking Syndicate, which had been sent to Peking from Europe to inquire into the trouble, had been formally requested by His Excellency Ting P'ao Ch'uan, the Provincial Judge, who was at the time acting Governor, not to enter the province. He announced that he could not hold himself responsible for their safety. And I, it appeared, was supposed to be a spy.

It was not difficult to make my real status and my activities clear to Mr. Sowerby. At once he sent a messenger to His Excellency to request an audience on the following day. And then I set out to return to my dismal inn.

China is a land of gossip. John appeared to have learned from the porters at the mission gate that I was to be received by His Excellency. He communicated his bit of news to the soldiers. And before I caught the force of what was happening, the four of them, — John, the two soldiers and the boy, — were hurrying on ahead, eagerly, excitedly, talking it over. I was left behind to plod through the rain and the mud, and to struggle with those slipping rubbers. The thing to do, of course, was to call them back. But before attempting this I must conquer my own unhappy spirit. For I was, frankly, in a state of perturbation. In dealing with the Orientals the white man who exhibits the slightest confusion or fear loses face instantly. He must maintain his position as the traditionally superior being. And at that moment, as I knew only too well, I was anything but a superior being. I was just about frightened to death. So I scraped along, steadily losing ground. They appeared to have forgotten me.

My thoughts, as I recall them now, centered in a quaintly grotesque manner on my rubbers. It seemed the most important thing in the world to keep them on. I might, of course, have hurried after those careless yellow men. But it wouldn't be dignified. And I should certainly have left the rubbers behind. They took on the force of a symbol.

We reached the city wall. Those gay lanterns bobbed on, thirty or forty yards ahead, tiny spots of light in a dark and mysterious yellow land. The nearest bit of white civilization was in Peking, two hundred and fifty miles to the northeast. Only seven years earlier these strange folk had slaughtered a hundred and fifty of my race. They were now preparing for a new slaughter.

The passage through the wall was a dark tunnel. It was black night in there. I guided myself by feeling along the surface of the masonry. Ahead those spots of light disappeared. My escort had got through and turned in some direction or other, Heaven knew where. I could hear unseen forms slithering past through the mud. Unhappily I felt my way along. And then the rubber slipped off my left foot.

I stood on the right foot, balancing against the wall. Every strained nerve in my body urged me to leave the rubber and run. Somehow to find those lights. I'll admit that all my thoughts by this time were distorted far from sense. I was unpleasantly near the brink of a disorder not altogether unlike the madness known among the French Legionnaires as "le cafard". More than ever the rubbers were a symbol. That left one in particular. Frantically I told myself that the only manly thing to do would be to stand right there and feel around behind me with a shaking left foot until I found it and could draw it on again. I am glad to

(Continued on page 72)

Better Late Than Never

By W. MORTON FULLERTON, '82

Correspondent and Author

THE United States is to be a balancing Power, but France also is a balancing Power. France is an isthmus. For 3,000 years, and probably more, her Rhone Valley has been the highroad of the nations between the great Latin Middle Seas and the Atlantic Islands of Ultima Thule. Marseilles, which is an older settlement than Rome, is the portal of the Far East, while the French Jutland called Cotentin arrested for centuries the Norman and the Danish Viking making westward towards the vinelands of Norumbega on the coast destined to become New English. It is only within a relatively recent time that England has developed the policy which had its glorious climax at Waterloo, and which, still pursued, has welded her, in spite of Waterloo, in an indissoluble union with France. France, on the other hand, has been a balancing Power for thousands of years. Her very existence as a nation has been the result of her persistent reaction against invasion from North, South, East and Southwest. The responsibility that America, that the United States is consciously about to assume, that of uniting the two worlds of the East and West, France had thrust upon her by the mere accident of her geographical position, centuries and centuries ago. It is by no mere chance that France opened the Suez Canal and swung the first pick in Panama. By deciding to complete the work of the French in uniting the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Americans have become the coadjutors, the partners, the continuators of the French in their curious inveterate tendency to be always undertaking a world task. The two countries, indeed, are often foredoomed to labour in other interests besides in their own. It is part of their special destiny to have to live not only for themselves but for Humanity.

Such are the moral aspects of geography. There is obviously such a thing as Isthmic Ethics, just as there is such a thing as Insular Morality. A people upon whom, owing to their conditions of habitation, no special responsibility has fallen to cultivate sociability,

urbanity, international comity, will be sceptical as to the disinterested activity of the nation established in the seat of customs. The natural origins of one whole set of impulses in the French temperament, of the French generosity, the revolutionary, all but anarchistic notion of fraternity, will remain hidden to men of another race, living off the highways of History and artificially removed from the centres and crossroads of civilization. Perhaps the only people now living in the world who are capable of feeling something of the exact shade of the word *Humanité* as used by the French are the North Americans. For an Englishman the word "humanity" has quite another meaning. It is either being kind to beasts and inferiors or a vague semi-metaphysical notion synonymous with the expression "human race". For a Frenchman the word signifies something richer, older, something Christian and Latin. What it means, indeed, is not wholly communicable to any who are not the heirs of a certain civilized past, the inhabitants of a certain kind of territory, where the ideas of family, society and social obligation have assumed specific forms. The grandiloquent humanitarianism of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, or Michelet, sounds like puerile bombast to many British or German ears. It is a useful rule never to establish comparisons between national traits; the only intelligible attitude is to try to understand; furthermore, if one does not understand, one should take it for granted that even the most apparently incomprehensible and absurd international differences that are general have a *raison d'être*, not merely a rational and interesting origin, but a positive utility and significance. When, therefore, the Frenchman protests that it is the glory of his country to labour disinterestedly for Humanity, the claim is not necessarily absurd; nor is the American when he insists that he went to Cuba for the sake of the Cubans, or that he holds Panama "as a trustee for Humanity", a hypocrite seeking to throw dust in the eyes of nations.

Andover in Indian Times

By DR. WARREN K. MOOREHEAD

Curator of the Department of Archaeology, Phillips Academy

IT is difficult to present a satisfactory picture of Andover in Indian times in the brief space allotted. Readers are referred to the excellent publication, *Historical Sketches of Andover*, by Sarah L. Bailey, Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1880.

The Indian bands and sub-tribes residing in this region were all of the Algonquin stock. The principal sachem was Cutshamache, who resided near what is

now Dorchester. Passaconway was second in command, and lived somewhere on the Merrimack River, possibly at the falls, now completely covered by the large dam at Lawrence. In 1646 this Indian, Cutshamache, received £6 and a coat from the settlers, and deeded to them a strip of country extending from "Cochichawicke Pond" six miles south, then through eastward to Rowley and northward up the

Merrimack, probably to Shawsheen. There is this provision: —

“pvided yt ye Indian called Roger and his company may have liberty to take alewives in Cochichawicke River, for their owne eating; but if they either spoyle or steale any corne or other fruite to any considerable value of ye inhabitants there, this liberty of taking fish shall forever cease, and ye said Roger is still to enjoy four acres of ground where he now plants.”

The above incident is typical of the treatment of the Indians by the colonists.

When the first settlement was made at Plymouth the Indians received the Englishmen gladly, and furnished them with corn and food during the first two or three winters. Bradford's *History of Plimoth Plantation* is an entertaining account of our first contact with the aborigines.

As more and more settlers came to the shores of New England, their attitude toward the Indian changed. We have no record that the Indians began hostilities.

Andover and North Andover were originally one settlement. The Merrimack River was navigable for small vessels of that period, and probably the first white people settled near the river. All Indian settlements were on the Merrimack and tributary streams.

As the white population increased they extended their boundaries and encroached upon the rights of the Indians. The question of slavery was a potent factor in encouraging hostilities. One Hunt, an Englishman, enticed twenty-four Indians aboard his vessel, sailed to the West Indies and sold them into slavery. Two or three ship captains did likewise. One Indian, Epanou, was taken to England, learned English, and was brought back to act as interpreter. When the vessel was a mile or two from shore and anchored for the night, he jumped overboard, swam to land, and regained his own people. He told them of the fate of his companions.

The first fighting between the Puritans-Pilgrims and the Indians occurred in the Cape Cod and Narragansett regions, and not near Andover. There were alarms of hostile Indians at Andover in 1675. During the King Philip (Narragansett) war the Andover settlement sent a number of young men to join the troops. April 8, 1676, there was a direct attack on the town of Andover, and Joseph Abbott and others were killed by the Indians. After the Narragansett war there were not many attacks until the 22nd of February, 1697, when a number of persons were shot and several houses burned. In this last attack perished Captain Pasco Chubb and his family. Chubb was in command of Fort Pemaquid, and while there held a conference with the Penobscot Indians. While the council was in session, Chubb, having previously formed a plot, attacked these Indians (virtually under a flag of truce) and killed two chiefs and several others. A short time later a large force of French and Penobscot Indians descended upon Pemaquid, and Chubb surrendered on condition that his life be spared. An Indian chief was found in the dungeon of the fort, chained to a rock and half dead from exposure. This exasperated the Indians to a high degree, but the French observed their terms and permitted Chubb to return to his home in Andover. The attack on the house of Chubb and other citizens was led by Asacumbit, a famous fighting man who frequently raided from Maine or Canada into Massachusetts territory. Asacumbit was never captured by the Colonists. It is claimed that he and his warriors marched more than 200 miles in order to kill Chubb, because of his treachery at Pemaquid.

The Indian history of the Andover region may be said to end about 1720 or 1730. The few surviving Indians seem to have fled into Maine, whence they exacted heavy vengeance upon the settlements of eastern Massachusetts.

Floreat Academia

By C. H. FORBES

Professor of Latin at Phillips Academy

The years rest lightly on our Love
And lend her fairer grace,
A goddess throned, the hill above,
Our hearts in her embrace.

Come, bend the knee before our Queen,
In homage earned by worth;
Through all the widening path we've seen
The promise of her birth.

Spread wide her robes of splendor wrought,
Nor fear the rot of pride;
Her sceptre sways a realm of thought
Where youth shall find its stride.



PHILLIPS ACADEMY IN 1778
A recent rendering of an old woodcut by Schell Lewis

I Wish I Had Had

BY JAMES HARDY ROPES, '85

Dexter Lecturer on Biblical Literature at Harvard University; Trustee of Phillips Academy

THE most famous of the long line of professors in Andover Theological Seminary used to say that, as he looked back, there was no one of his teachers whom he should not be glad to *kick*. He had not been a boy in Phillips Academy. It would be sad if most men with a considerable period of years behind them had any such impression, but it is nevertheless interesting to consider what one does regret in his education.

I was a student in Phillips Academy from 1881 to 1885. Much of what I was put through in those years — though a good deal of it was very different from the corresponding experiences of a boy of today — was admirably adapted to its end, and what I gained from it has stood by me all my life. The Latin and Greek of Mr. Comstock and Mr. Coy left little to be desired as a sound foundation well laid. After what they did for me, what was needed was to practice what I had learned to do, and to grow by extensive reading. Their foundation has supported my studies all my life, and I rest on

it today in my profession as a student and teacher of the New Testament. The French that I was taught for one year, though of a rather simple sort, was all that was necessary in order to go on with reading, and was all I ever had except a worthless course for a year in college. The mathematics was sufficiently exacting, and carried us through trigonometry. The physics was meagre, but you could get that in college, and to work out a Latin sentence is really a very good introduction to inductive science. The frills, happily, were but few and were partly voluntary. It was a very serviceable preparation for the stage of education which was to follow. Two of the most important subjects, which I have always thought to have affected my mind in very notable measure, were not part of these years. I mean elementary Algebra, of which, before entering the Academy, I had adequately acquired the essential concepts (and that is the only thing that really counts), and

(Continued on page 72)



ON THE WEST WIND

By Winslow Homer

ANNE IN PURPLE

By George Bellows



HORSES AT PALMA

By John S. Sargent

The above reproductions are from paintings now in possession of Phillips Academy.

Looking Backward—Facing Forward

By GEORGE H. NETTLETON, '92

Chairman of the English Department, Yale University

FORTY years ago an American journalist, Edward Bellamy, created a sensation with his book entitled *Looking Backward*. The title was still on everyone's tongue in my student days at Andover. Bellamy clubs arose in the land, taking *Looking Backward* as a sort of gospel of socialism. So influential a critic as William Dean Howells credited Bellamy with "a romantic imagination surpassed only by that of Hawthorne" in American letters. For *Looking Backward*—as the sub-title, "2000-1887", suggested—was really a bold attempt to face forward—to set a prophetic picture of the "gude time coming" over against that of the America of 1887.

Our Andover anniversary has this double outlook. Like Janus, we meet the calendar, facing both backward and forward. The old graduates dream dreams of the past; the young men see visions. The middle-aged, mayhap, may follow the middle course—seeking to

reconcile retrospect with prospect. "The Future I may face now I have proved the Past."

"Looking Backward—Facing Forward"—this is to interpret Andover's anniversary in the double light of memory and imagination. For the garrulous graduate, mere memory may prove a dangerous path. Hard by, lies the easy pitfall to bottomless reminiscences. For the prophetic graduate, mere visions may prove merely visionary. Let us take hearts of hope that Andover will prove a hospitable clearing-house where memory and imagination may have fair interchange.

In such reconciliation, Andover's anniversary is doubly significant. Many will interpret it in the light of her history and traditions. For Andover is at heart a historic school. Many will unite in voicing a common loyalty. For Andover is in spirit a community. And all who recall her birthright and inheritance will suggest a prophecy while they record a history. For the enduring tradition of Andover is service.

Andover in the Early Seventies

By CHARLES MOORE, '74

Professor of Art; Author

UNCLE SAM TAYLOR, for forty-four years Principal of Phillips Academy, was gathered to his fathers in January 1871, and Frederick E. Tilton reigned in his stead. Tradition told of the terrors of Uncle Sam's rule, not only for the indolent and the perverse, but also for the timid. Probably he was not so merciless as he was painted, but such was the memory he left.

Mr. Tilton came from the Newport high school. He was very tall, very slender, and his long legs made it hopeless for any boy to try to outrun him. He worked hard to maintain his predecessor's reputation for omnipresence at night. On one occasion he dropped in on George Dunn, who roomed at Deacon Chandler's on the School Farm. Behind George's fireboard were the first street lamps provided for Zion's Hill. Quite heedlessly the town authorities had left the lamps in the new lamp-posts, waiting for a moonless night. After an affable chat, Mr. Tilton retired, evidently pleased by his unexpected discovery of Dunn in his room. After two years of boy-chasing Mr. Tilton returned to Newport, to resume a successful career. The Class of '74 gave his portrait to the Academy.

Then came Cecil F. P. Bancroft, who knew intuitively how the boy-mind works. One day soon after his advent, he came to me in classroom and said, "Mr. Tyler found you visiting in Latin Commons during study hours." I assented. "Don't you think," he con-

tinued, "that you as a senior ought to be setting an example, instead of breaking the rules? I'm going to take off the demerits; but don't do it again." And I never did—without compunction. My cordial personal relations with Dr. Bancroft continued during all his long life.

George Taylor, Uncle Sam's son, was the Middle Class teacher. The scholars at the top of the class thought he did not know much Latin and Greek, but he taught the majority of boys something, and he made the lessons interesting. Fellows went to him with their troubles, and he was an adept in running class politics so as to prevent frictions; and no one knew that it was he who saw that the right ones were elected.

With Dr. Bancroft came Mr. Coy as Senior Class teacher,—a tall, elegant, austere gentlemen. Soon he brought to Andover a beautiful bride, who so charmed the class that we gave her a mantel clock, as a wedding present. They were the parents of the great Ted Coy of Yale football fame.

To a junior the most envied being on earth was the president of Philo, in his naval cap of dark blue with gold cord. Next in importance came the three editors of the *Mirror*. Athletics were limited to baseball, and very limited at that. The match with Exeter was occasional. The old brick gymnasium was large

(Continued on page 73)

New Hampshire and Phillips Academy

By HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING, '89

Governor of New Hampshire

I SUPPOSE that in the eyes of most graduates and undergraduates of Phillips Academy in Andover, the main importance of the State of New Hampshire lies in the fact that it always has furnished our school with its chief and natural rival, Phillips Academy in Exeter. But it requires only a cursory examination of the records to find that other relations of interest and importance have existed and do now exist between Andover and the Granite State.

For instance, the history of our school shows that its most generous early benefactor from a financial standpoint was Dr. John Phillips of Exeter, second son of Reverend Samuel Phillips, born in Andover, December 27, 1719, who entered Harvard before he was twelve and graduated in 1735 with distinction. This Doctor Phillips was the founder of Phillips Academy in Exeter and for several years was president of the boards of trustees of both schools. In him we have a strong link from the very beginning between the two academies, and the two states of Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

In the first year's enrolment of Phillips Academy, eight of the fifty-one students were from New Hampshire. One of the distinguished early graduates of our school, Joseph E. Worcester, maker of dictionaries, was a New Hampshire boy; and, as I glance hastily through the alumni list, I see the names of many others from this state. As an example, the late Chief Justice Charles Doe of our Supreme Court, and Moses Gerrish Farmer, a pioneer in electrical inventions.

New Hampshire's greatest gift to Phillips Academy, however, was made when, in 1873, the position of principal was filled by the choice of Dr. Cecil F. P. Bancroft, who was born in New Ipswich, New Hampshire, November 25, 1839, and graduated from Dartmouth College, at Hanover, New Hampshire, in the class of 1860. It is good to know that a fitting, permanent tribute is to be paid to his memory and the work he did as leader of our school for more than a quarter of a century.

Examining the records which accompany the portraits in the collection at the State House in Concord, I find that Frederick Smyth of Manchester, governor of New Hampshire from 1865 to 1867, was a graduate of Andover. Fifty years later Rolland H. Spaulding of Rochester, of the Andover class of 1893, was the chief executive of the Granite State in the years 1915 and 1916. If he had not performed well the duties of the position the people would not have come to the same family again for a chief executive and have broken a New Hampshire record by electing his brother, of the Academy class of 1889, to be their present governor.

When the latter took office he found in his Executive Council a fellow graduate of Andover, Frank L. Gerrish, '74, of Boscawen. A prominent member of the State Senate was Eliot A. Carter, '05, of Nashua, and in the

House of Representatives, the chairman of the standing Committee on Banks was Harry L. Alexander, '02, of Concord. On the supreme bench is Oliver W. Branch, '97, of Manchester.

It was this governor's pleasure and privilege to appoint as his own successor in the chairmanship of the State Board of Education Orton B. Brown, '88, of Berlin. In that department, James N. Pringle, '94, is a deputy commissioner of valued service. A coincidence without New Hampshire precedent is the fact that Mr. Brown's brother, W. Robinson Brown, '93, is the head of another important state department, the Forestry Commission. The Messrs. Brown are also the heads of the great Brown Company of Berlin, one of the State's chief industries, nationally famous for its industrial research work and the practical utilization of the results of that work.

Other Andover graduates prominent in the business life of New Hampshire include Henry W. Brown, '96, of West Swanzey, Walter F. Duffy, '92, of Franklin, and Frank Huntress, '64, of Keene. Mr. Huntress has served in the Executive Council, as has Albert Annett, '82, of Jaffrey, and Arthur P. Morrill, '94, of Concord. Enos K. Sawyer, '98, of Franklin, has been president of the State Senate and Secretary of State. Dwight Hall, '90, of Dover, now Comptroller of the Port of Boston, was for several campaigns the chairman of the Republican State Committee, and is a trustee of the University of New Hampshire.

In the capitol city of Concord, a center of Andover influence in the State, four graduates of the school have been or are bank presidents, the late Dr. Charles P. Bancroft, '70, long time superintendent of our State Hospital; the late Dr. George M. Kimball, '75, the late William W. Thayer, '02, and Henry W. Stevens, '71, who is, also, president of the New Hampshire Historical Society. Two local judges are Eugene W. Leach, '98, of the Probate Court, and William L. Stevens, '99, of the Municipal Court. Mr. Leach is the successor of the late Judge Charles R. Corning, '74, several times mayor of Concord. Dr. James W. Jameson, '97, is one of the State's leading surgeons. Two of the oldest of our living graduates are New Hampshire men, Reverend Dr. S. H. Dana of Exeter, and Charles S. Parker of Concord, both of the class of 1864.

In the opening paragraph of this contribution, I spoke of the early connection that existed between the Phillips Academies in Andover and in Exeter. It is a fact in which we all rejoice that this connection continues today through the fact that the Principal of Phillips Academy in Exeter is Dr. Lewis Perry of the class of 1894 in Phillips Academy at Andover. His splendid record in that place is a symbol of the service which Andover men have rendered and are rendering in various spheres of action in New Hampshire, in the nation, and around the world.

The New Traprock Expeditions

* This is a letter from Dr. Walter E. Traprock, otherwise known as George S. Chappell, Yale '99. He is the author of a number of humorous books and spoke at Andover a number of years ago.

F. O. B. KAWA,
GOWANUS CANAL,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Chairman, *Sesquicentennial Record*,
Bartlet Hall,
Andover, Mass.

Dear Sir,

I wonder if you can spare a few inches of your columns for a word regarding the Summer Cruises backed by the TRAPROCK EXPEDITIONS, INC., cruises which I think will be of especial interest to Andover students and graduates. A word, at the outset, regarding the TRAPROCK EXPEDITIONS, INC. This organization is the result of the attention attracted by my early cruises in the converted yawl, KAWA, to the Filbert Islands in Polynesia, to the North Poles, both magnetic and geometric, and to other odd corners of the world.

To my amazement I found that there were thousands of young men of scholastic and collegiate age who were anxious to embark on a life of discovery and exploration. I was flooded with letters from writers who expressed their desire to go somewhere — anywhere, as long as it was not home, and a certain number of parents seconded their sons' wishes.

A majority were keen for the sort of thing which includes hunting, fishing and other forms of wild life, the wilder the better. Others preferred the soberer pursuits of the archaeologist and the ethnologist. TRAPROCK EXPEDITIONS, INC. was the inevitable result. We are now completely organized and ready to take on all comers. We promise to deliver the goods, strictly as advertised by our slogan, IF IT IS A DISCOVERY, WE HAVE IT!

Let me itemize a few of my attractions.

For the nature-lover and sportsman I have planned a trip into the New Guinea guano fields, in search of the great Titan-flies which are hunted with two-handed swatters the size of warming-pans. An idea of these little-known creatures may be derived from the fact that the spoor or fly-spot of the average male is from ten to fourteen inches in diameter, depending on the time of year. This trip will be in charge of Dr. Julian S. Mason, an Andoverian, by the way, who can both spot and swat flies with the best of them. His recent book, "What's Swat in the Guano Fields," is the best authority on this tricky and exciting form of hunting.

Ornithologists may prefer the novelty of my northern

cruise in to the habitat of the luminous ballock-bird, a curious creature which eats fog and lays phosphorus, giving the waters, especially at night, an odd, pie-eyed appearance. Here too, (off the coast of Latvia and Heliogabalus), is found the back-billed pemmican, an ornithological freak which has its bill in the center of its back. The back-bill is the only bird which lays its eggs by explosion, crashing them against a convenient berg with startling and pleasing effect. This cruise, also, is in charge of an Andover alumnus, Capt. Frank Nimrod Simmons, whose egg-manual, "Birds Which Have Laid for Me," is the *vade mecum* of tree-climbers.

To the archaeologist will appeal my trip into ancient Artesia where, for several years, the TRAPROCK EXPEDITIONS, INC. have been exhuming the ancient wells of this fascinating people. Within the past month my agents report that they have completed the excavation of a six-hundred foot well which has been sold, in twelve foot lengths, to one of our large pipe-organ companies. At the head of this work is a third Andover graduate, Prof. T. Benedict Clarke, dean of the digging fraternity, of whom Pres. Angell of Yale said aptly, "Professor Clarke was born with a silver shovel in his mouth."

For those interested in purely scientific research, my associate, Dr. Robert Sherwood of Harvard, has promised to repeat his intriguing lecture course which he calls "Through the Alimentary Canal with Gun and Camera."

And so, dear sir, you see that I have something to offer for every taste. I plan to visit Andover, with Capt. Simmons, Dr. Mason, and others of my staff, during the forthcoming Sesquicentennial, when I shall hope to address the student body and explain in fuller detail my plans for the coming summer. If, in the mean time, you can find room for this hasty communication, in order to prepare the ground, I shall be deeply grateful.

I remain, sir, very truly yours,

WALTER E. TRAPROCK,

F. R. S. S. E. U.

P.S. My faculty friend, Dr. Claude Fuess, one of the largest stock-holders in TRAPROCK EXPEDITIONS, INC., has just wired me that Andover wishes to signalize my visit by conferring on me her D.D. (Doctor of Dandruff). Needless to say, I am all of a twitter.

W. E. T.

March Twelfth
Nineteen Hundred
Twenty Eight



THE GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

My dear Mr. Thompson:

The 150th birthday of Phillips Academy, soon to be observed, is one of the more notable anniversaries in this current decade of national sesqui-centennials.

Established in the formative years of the American Union, the chronicles of Phillips Academy have run parallel with the annals of the Republic. Samuel Phillips, Jr., its founder, was a friend of Washington, John Hancock signed its act of incorporation, and Paul Revere designed its seal. The sons of the institution have been in places of responsibility and honor in every epoch of our national life.

Phillips Academy has at all times kept step with the progress of the Nation, but in a more essential way there should be cause for gratification by Andover men as it reaches its sesqui-centennial. The institution, despite constant change, "has kept the faith".

It was founded for the primary purpose, as stated by Judge Phillips, of promoting "true Piety and Virtue", and its first Principal was enjoined "to regulate the tempers, to enlarge the minds, and form the Morals of the Youth committed to his care".

Strict adherence to these foundation principles has brought it to its sesqui-centennial and will safeguard its future.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. A. P. Thompson,
Chairman,
Sesquicentennial Record,
Bartlett Hall,
Andover, Mass.

21st February, 1928.

I count it a great privilege and pleasure in behalf of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to extend my hearty congratulations to the trustees and faculty of Phillips Andover Academy on this One Hundred Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of the Academy.

In the midst of our struggle for national independence, a noble and far-sighted son of Massachusetts, Judge Samuel Phillips, founded this institution. In the foundation grant, the donor set forth the intention "to found a school for the purpose of instructing youth not only in English, Latin, grammar, and arithmetic and those sciences wherein they are commonly taught, but more especially to teach them the great end and real business of living."

Under the leadership of distinguished principals, the Academy has grown from humble beginnings to a great and finely equipped school, drawing its students from practically every state in the Union and sending forth its graduates a splendid contribution to our national life.

I count it a happy coincidence that this year which marks the One Hundred Fiftieth anniversary of the Academy marks the Twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Stearns' elevation to the principalship. I am pleased to pay tribute to him as a great leader of a great school. I would express the confident hope that Phillips Andover Academy, long a national institution, will continue with increasing success to discharge its responsibilities in training those young men who are so fortunate as to come under its fostering care.

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CM NEW YORK N Y APRIL 24 1928

A.P. THOMPSON,

BARTLETT HALL ANDOVER, MASS.

GREETINGS TO ANDOVER ON HER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH.

WORDS ~ FROM ~ OUR

FRIENDS

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT:

Twenty-seventh President of the United States and Chief Justice of Supreme Court

"I am glad to know that you are going to celebrate your Sesquicentennial this May. Andover has a great tradition and a great reputation. My two brothers, Charles and Peter, were prepared at Andover for Yale under Uncle Sam — Charles in the class of 1860, and Peter in the class of 1863. Charles is still living. I know and admire very much your Headmaster, Dr. Stearns, and Alfred Ripley and I were four years at Yale together in the same class, and are loving friends. I hope and know that your celebration will be a most noteworthy one in the history of educational institutions in this country."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and son of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Andover 1825

"I send my best wishes with filial associations to Andover on the celebration of its one hundred and fiftieth year."

HENRY L. STIMSON, '83:

Governor-General of the Philippine Islands. Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Taft

"The priceless memories of Andover guide and sustain our standards even under the distant Southern cross."

HERBERT HOOVER:

Secretary of Commerce

"I scarcely need recall to you that the greatest government experiment in human history was universal free education at public expense.

"Today thirty million children attend our grade schools and nine hundred thousand youth attend our colleges and universities. Today we have more youth in institutions of higher learning than have all the billion and a half other people in the world.

"The great body of alumni of Andover must cherish the thought that their Alma Mater was one of the earliest fonts from which this educational movement originated."

JAMES J. DAVIS:

Secretary of Labor

"If a country has any greater glory than its number of great and good men of today, that glory lies in the promise of still greater goodness and character and wisdom that lives in the young men of tomorrow. Year by year the world is remade by its coming men, and its coming men are made by its schools. It is not for nothing that men look back to their school and call it Alma Mater, dear mother; and it is not only those who have been to those schools who should call them that. The schools of a nation are the mothers of all it has or is in imagination and mind. So it is more in gratitude than in empty congratulation that we should bid Phillips Academy, Andover, to add another one hundred and fifty years to its work of nurturing the manhood of the nation."

SIR HERBERT BROWN AMES:

*Financial Director of League of Nations Secretariat;
lecturer at Andover, 1927*

"No man can justly claim to be educated whose life is bounded by his native city, his state, or even his country. World relationships have changed completely during the past century. National isolation is today as impossible as the hermit life would be for the individual. In these days, when men fly across an intervening ocean and when a Secretary of State, sitting at his desk at Washington, can converse with a Foreign Minister in any of the courts of Europe, time and space and all nature's obstacles have been annihilated. Nations have grown so near that their relationships interlock in a thousand ways. If it is true that no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself, how much more is this the case with nations? When one suffers all suffer, when one prospers it increases the wealth of all the rest — even though we be unconscious of the fact.

"In a recent visit that I paid to Phillips Academy, I was well content to find the spirit of international sympathy pervading the school. Many have been the men, who, since the foundation of this institution, have *here* received the inspiration and the preparation that has enabled them to take a helpful part in the higher development of the American Nation. May we not hope that those who, in future years, go forth from its halls will also be filled with a spirit of international sympathy and understanding, so that they may help their country in bringing in and rendering perpetual an era of World Peace."

FREDERICK H. GILLETT:

Senator from Massachusetts

"My interest in Phillips Academy dates from my college days, when the classmate who won the prize for the best entrance examination and who became my closest friend had prepared for college at Andover, and owed to his training there his success in the entrance examination.

"In those ancient days no preparatory school was more famous or eminent than Phillips Academy, and its renewed success of late years has drawn my admiration and sympathy largely because of the conspicuous contribution to that success of Dr. Stearns, the grandson of President Stearns, under whom I studied at Amherst, and whose memory I revere, and whose blood would surely ennoble any of his descendants.

"So it is an especial gratification to me to know that Phillips Academy today still maintains that high standard and preeminence which distinguished it fifty years ago."

DAVID I. WALSH:

Senator from Massachusetts

"Massachusetts is proud of Phillips Academy. It has served one of the greatest purposes of education — to remove racial, religious, and sectional differences and to advance the standards of citizenship."

HON. IRA NELSON MORRIS, '92:

*Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to
Sweden*

"We who are diplomats and have been absent much in foreign lands, upon returning to America receive a perspective of conditions different from the people who continue living in America. It is this perspective that astounds me concerning the development and growth of Phillips Academy, and that this school has been able to maintain intact the same atmosphere of democracy and spiritual soul all these years.

"Too much credit cannot be given to Dr. Stearns and the Academy's organization. Of course the school is forever indebted to Mr. Thomas Cochran. His generosity and heartfelt interest is remarkable and has rarely been equaled by another person. I am sure my love and sentiment toward this school will always remain the same, and this is reflected by the thousands of alumni scattered throughout the world."

HON. GEORGE R. CARTER, '85
Ex-Governor of the Hawaiian Islands

"Of course, all the 'Andover Boys' in Hawaii want to express their 'Aloha' through the *Sesquicentennial Record* for their famous old 'Academy on the Hill' in Northern Massachusetts.

"The influence exerted from this Mid-Pacific station throughout this part of the world is ever widening, and the responsibilities of Andover Boys are therefore increasing. Many of the early impulses which helped to build this community came from Andover when theology absorbed so large a part of intellectual development. Fifteen graduates of the Theological Seminary, ranging from the years 1819 to 1871, devoted part if not all of their lives to work in these Islands.

"Today, Andover's influence in Hawaii is still potent, and it has always been for peace throughout the Pacific, which is perhaps a more important factor for the good of mankind than 'Peace and Good Will on Earth' is to any other part of the globe."

A. PIATT ANDREW:
Member of Congress from Massachusetts

"May the Phillips Academy, which was born in the troublous days when our Republic first saw the light, and which has been the partner and fellow laborer of the Republic through all the trials and travail of its century and a half of growth, have its full share in the achievements of the matchless years into which we are now advancing."

EDITH NOURSE ROGERS:
Member of Congress from Massachusetts

"Most hearty congratulations to Phillips Academy at Andover, which holds so proud a record of achievement.

"This institution of learning, founded eleven years before the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, has worked without cessation during the whole official life of our Nation to give to the world men with noble purpose and keen ability. The long list of graduates reveals the names of scores whose record in life proves that the steadfast earnestness of the officials and instructors at Phillips has reaped a merited reward.

"May this celebration breathe new hope and courage, and may Phillips Academy long continue to grow in usefulness to the world."

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN
President of Princeton University

"I have received your letter of January 5th. I am very glad of the opportunity of expressing to you my felicitations upon the approaching Sesquicentennial celebration of the founding of Phillips Academy at Andover. I have felt that the high scholastic standing and moral standards of the School are represented in the personality of the Headmaster, Dr. Stearns. He was fortunate in coming to a school which already had made its record and established its position in the educational world. The momentum of the past, however, does not account for the skill or the success of Dr. Stearns' administration. There has been an admirable progressive development in which all of the friends of the School rejoice. The young men who come to us from Andover have taken their place among the leaders of our campus life and have contributed much to the maintenance of our standards both intellectually and morally. In your celebration of the record of the past I am sure you will find great inspiration for the continued forward progress of the School. Each age brings its particular and peculiar problems and while we cannot live on the past it cannot be forgotten and our loyalty to it must be maintained."

JAMES R. ANGELL

President of Yale University; Psychologist and Author

"It gives me genuine pleasure to extend to Phillips Academy, Andover, upon the occasion of its Sesquicentennial the most sincere congratulations upon its long and distinguished career. So many of its sons have later come to New Haven to carry forward their education, that we at Yale entertain a peculiar sense of pride in the history of the School. We rejoice that Andover starts on the next stage of its journey so splendidly equipped to carry on its great traditions of sound learning, high character and devoted service."

H. A. GARFIELD:

President of Williams College

"Williams College sends greeting to Phillips Academy, Andover. To have completed one hundred and fifty years of service in the cause of education is noteworthy. To have marked the service by constant devotion to the intellectual and spiritual ideals of the founder is a distinction. Andover is indeed fortunate in her long line of able principals and distinguished sons. Williams sends congratulations on this auspicious occasion and can extend no better wish than that the bright prospects under her present leadership may be extended for many years to come."

ARTHUR STANLEY PEASE, '98:

President of Amherst College

"One who, after years have passed, attempts to recall his own development can seldom do justice to his heredity. Our vision is from too close at hand for us to appraise with fairness those innate qualities which distinguish us from others, and our affections are too strong to make it possible to estimate impartially how far what we are is due to our forbears. But our environment is more subject to observation, when we remember the individuals and groups by whom we have been profoundly influenced.

"To me, in particular, residence amid the rare natural beauty of Andover — a fit setting for the historic buildings and the beautiful lives fashioned there —, with the call of hills and ponds and the spell of far horizons, powerfully contributed to a love of nature, which has remained from boyhood as a precious possession. Academic training, by men of vigorous character and sound learning, such as Benner and Forbes and Graves and Eaton and all the rest, with the alert figure of Dr. Bancroft ever at their head, awakened in me, as in many another, habits of study and enthusiasm for scholarship which became the basis for all my subsequent work, and established standards of judgment which I have not later been obliged to discard. Nor can I forget the band of men in Andover Seminary, who, with their families, were a most potent influence in the lives of those of us who called Andover our home: the encyclopaedic Moore, the shrewd and witty Harris, the thoughtful Ryder, Churchill the genial, and Taylor the courtly, and, among the foremost, the benign yet firm characters of Hincks and Egbert Smyth. To one reared on Andover Hill no picture is complete without these, who made of this hilltop the shrine of a rich idealism, where money and material things fell into their proper insignificance to the eyes of the old men who saw visions and the young men who dreamed dreams."

WILLIAM MANN IRVINE

Headmaster of Mercersburg Academy

"Andover is greatly blessed in her Headmaster, Dr. Stearns. He is a hard worker, he believes what he says, and he is a boy in spirit. His ideals of efficiency, service, and consecration are a challenge to his own students and an inspiration to all other Headmasters."

CHARLES C. MIEROW

*President at Colorado College; Teacher of Latin at
Phillips Academy, 1908-9*

"The connection between The Colorado College and Phillips Academy, Andover, has been a particularly close one, especially during the early days of the history of the College, as we have been fortunate to number in our Faculty many an Academy boy or former teacher.

"It is, therefore, with a particular sense of satisfaction that I am privileged to express both personally and on behalf of The Colorado College our sincere and hearty congratulations on the achievements of this world-famous New England School during the past one hundred and fifty years. I trust and believe that the influence and the fame of Phillips Andover will continue to grow and that its service to the world will be clearly indicated in the future as in the past by the worthy lives of those whose youth has been trained by a group of loyal and devoted teachers on historic Andover Hill."

S. W. STRATTON:

President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

"The anniversary of Phillips Academy is an event to be recognized not alone by its alumni or by its officers, but by the family of American Universities to which it has sent generations of well-trained students for their higher education.

"The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to which many graduates of Andover have come for their training in science and engineering, desires to join in the most hearty greetings that deservedly go to you on this historic occasion."

REV. WILLIAM G. THAYER:

Headmaster of St. Mark's School

"St. Mark's School sends its heartiest congratulations to Phillips Academy on the notable record of achievement and leadership in its long life of service. The School has stood from the earliest days until now for high standards of scholarship and manhood, and its influence has extended far beyond the boundaries of Andover Hill. We are grateful for its contribution of men of sound learning and strong character, who have fulfilled the purpose of its Founders and justified its existence. We rejoice with you that your anniversary marks the great progress the School has made under the leadership of Alfred E. Stearns, whom his brethren in his profession are proud to claim and delight to honor."

REV. S. S. DRURY:

Rector of St. Paul's School

"At this significant milestone, St. Paul's that has taught her thousands greets Andover that has taught her tens of thousands. We are not divided, these American Schools, but share a common opportunity, bearing our mutual burdens, and pressing forward together as friendly contestants in a course where all can win. A school is a factory of individuals. Our business is to produce chivalrous lifters for the Democracy. May Andover continue to know the joy of all cherishing mothers whose children walk in the truth."

REV. ENDICOTT PEABODY:

Headmaster of Groton School

"To your Principal, whom we regard with respect and affection, we look for sympathetic cooperation in any movement for the advance of scholarship or for the raising of standards of living, and he is never found wanting.

"Especially grateful are we today for the welcome that has been given by him and by the Trustees of the Academy to our daughter lately born at North Andover, to which has been given the honored name of a descendant of the Founders of Andover; for it we are hoping for a career of devotion and service such as has been achieved by the great Institution which reaches its third semicentennial this year. And for Andover, we pray that it may continue for many happy years to minister to the higher life of this Nation under the able and courageous leadership of its great Principal."

GEORGE VAN SANTVOORD
Headmaster of Hotchkiss School

"The Hotchkiss School is, in a very real sense, one of the children of Andover. Our first Headmaster, Edward G. Coy, came from Phillips Academy, bringing with him some of its finest traditions, which we still delight to honor. So Hotchkiss takes especial pleasure in felicitating Andover on her anniversary!"

F. J. FESSENDEN:
Headmaster of the Fessenden School

"I am glad to add my word of praise for Andover and its Headmaster, and the work it does. The school takes unformed boys and by the vigor of its life, so perfectly exemplified in Mr. Stearns, sends them on to college, resolute in character and in mind, prepared to meet their new obligations, in play, in leisure hours, and in the class room."

W. L. W. FIELD:
Headmaster of Milton Academy

"The celebration of Andover's one hundred and fiftieth anniversary will be more widespread than any program or printed record can show; for all New Englanders who care for education, and all educators who love New England, will share in it. To an even wider circle, it will be a happy reminder of the youthful vigor with which an old tradition grows and extends its sway. But the most heartfelt participation, next to that of the Andover men themselves, will be that of the other old New England schools. As one of the time-tested fellowship, Milton Academy extends its loyal greetings."

RT. REV. CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY:
Bishop of Massachusetts; visiting preacher at Andover

"The noblest work a lover of mankind can perform is to teach the youth of the Nation sound manners, reverence for the truth, fearless loyalty to ideals, and the love of God. In the past Andover has achieved exalted service in creating righteous and able leaders of the people. May the courage and faith of Andover increase with the years, that it may be an ever greater blessing to our country and, through our country, to the world."

REV. CHARLES R. BROWN:
Dean of the Yale Divinity School; frequent visitor to Phillips Academy

"What do we mean by education? It does not mean merely the gaining of an additional amount of information, or the training of certain faculties so that one may market his abilities at a higher figure. If that were all, it would not be worth what it costs. Education means setting before every student an open door into a more just and intelligent appreciation of the deeper meaning of life, into finer forms of fellowship seen and unseen, into a worthier and more reliable type of personal character. This is education — "the drawing out" of the hidden capacity of the man."

RT. REV. WILLIAM LAWRENCE:
Author and former Bishop of Massachusetts

"Andover has always stood out in my mind as expressing some of the finest features of this country, — the Phillips stock, the wisdom of the elders in founding the academies at Andover and Exeter, and in their forms of organization, the persistence of that wisdom by their successors through the generations in the administration of the academies, the high character and fine traditions sustained in teachers and boys based upon firm Christian faith, the distribution of graduates throughout the world, and their beneficent influence.

"I recall coasting down School Street on our double runners some fifty years ago with boys and girls born in India, the Sandwich Islands, in Scotland, and on our Western prairies, as well as in our Eastern cities, reared from heroic stock of missionaries and traders.

"Such associations bind people together in high purposes.

"This is Andover."

CLARENCE A. BARBOUR:

*President of the Rochester Theological Seminary;
frequent visitor at Andover*

"I am honored in the permission to write a word in connection with the Sesquicentennial of Phillips Academy. Perhaps the fact that I have made a quarter-century of visits to the school as a week-end chapel speaker gives an excuse which is almost a reason. I have seen several generations of Andover boys go through the school and most of them out into college halls. Some are now far along the road of life beyond the college years. It is speaking to a procession, but it leaves memories with me which I would not surrender. The contact with Stearns, and Forbes, and Freeman, and Graham, and many more of your great Faculty, — that means a comradeship beyond all price, and the boys themselves are tremendously worth while.

"I came first to Andover in the fall of 1910. Since then, once or twice a year, it has been a continuous experience. Nearly always I have faced the school in chapel on the morning after the Exeter game in November, and I have found always the same sportsmanlike crowd, generous in victory, unruffled in defeat. What a spirit to carry out into the life of the nation! None better.

"*'Qui transtulit sustinet,'* says the motto of my staunch little native state of Connecticut. The words are true of Andover. The development which I have seen in her material equipment is wonderful, and her spirit will never falter nor fail."

REV. JOHN TIMOTHY STONE:

*Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago;
author; visiting preacher at Phillips Academy*

"Horace Mann asserts that the need of the hour is not so much the building of school houses as finding schoolmasters. In other words, character begets character, and the all-round manhood. Thus athletics, study, character, and religion must accompany one another; and the student of insight cares for his body, brain, heart, and spiritual development. The old command holds, 'Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, mind, soul, and strength'."

REV. D. BREWER EDDY, '94:

Associate secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

"John and Samuel Phillips, after their first moments of amazement at our material progress and at the beauties and strength of our modern cities and towns, would question the hearts of the men who built them. They would rather know that Andover has been true to the moral passion of those early days than to hear any story of leadership in numbers or wealth among the schools of the land."

JOHN T. DALLAS:

Bishop of New Hampshire; visiting preacher at Andover

"There is no school in America which is held in greater respect than Phillips Academy, Andover. The high grade of scholarship there, and the wholesome life of the students is a combination which schools everywhere might well esteem. Doctor Stearns will go down in history as a teacher who has not only led his profession, but who has inspired a host of boys with his own idealism."

GEORGE PARMLY DAY:

Treasurer of Yale University

"Phillips Academy, Andover, is by common consent one of the great historic American schools, so famous in fact that the name of Andover like that of Rugby means something very definite to a large number of people who have never seen the School itself. It enjoys the distinction, which it has fairly won, of being a splendid preparatory school, not only in the sense of fitting boys to enter college but also of training them to begin their life work in the world, if they cannot for any reason contemplate spending four years more in study at one of our universities. To Phillips Academy, Andover, on the occasion of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding, congratulations will deservedly come from all over the world. I count it a privilege to add to the many tributes which will then be paid to the School this inadequate expression of my abiding interest in its welfare and of my sincere good wishes for its continued success."

FREDERICK E. WEYERHAEUSER, '92
Lumberman

"Four years at Andover and finally Commencement with its varied activities had passed into the field of memory. As we hurried to the railway station, suit case in one hand and a long blue horn in the other, the louder to express our joy upon being released from the restrictions of Prep School, we happened to pass Dr. Bancroft, who was then our honored Principal. The thought came to us that we must seem to him ungrateful and certainly unappreciative of the opportunities we had enjoyed while at the Academy, but not forcibly enough, however, to lessen our enthusiasm materially.

"The larger, freer life at college was making its appeal and, after all, Andover was merely a stepping-stone that soon might be forgotten. But not so. As the years have passed, Andover has grown in our affections, and its memories have become dearer, until now our hearts' interest centers there rather than in the college for which Andover prepared us."

DR. FRED T. MURPHY, '93
Surgeon and Trustee of Phillips Academy

"Fine as has been the material development of the School, the old spirit, the old democracy, the old ideals remain. Phillips Academy, after one hundred fifty years, intellectually and morally holds to the same high standards set by the Founders."

GEORGE B. CASE, '90
Mechanical engineer and manufacturer; Trustee of Phillips Academy

"Gratitude and loyalty to Andover increase with the years, as we become better able to appreciate what Samuel Phillips handed down to us one hundred and fifty years ago. We are better able to appreciate because time has matured the seeds which were sown in the time of our early youth at Andover. We will all approach this Anniversary seriously and take our several parts in celebrating it under a sense of deep and individual gratitude for this century and a half of accomplishment. We will also seriously consider our own responsibilities for what ensues at Andover in the years to come."

OLIVER JENNINGS, '83

"As a boy at Andover, and ever since, Phillips Academy has appeared to me nearly ideal in its training for the best sort of citizenship. I have never understood why more of our generous people could not appreciate the importance of our great secondary schools, particularly Phillips Academy, and Phillips Exeter. I welcomed the formation of our Alumni Fund as much for its possible educational work as for the pecuniary side. We are encouraged by what it has to date accomplished, and its officers greatly appreciate the splendid support received from our Alumni."

PHILIP R. ALLEN, '92:
President of Bird & Company

"As a returning graduate of the "Gay Nineties" who survived the rigors of life in Latin Commons and the Commons Dining Hall, I find on Andover Hill few landmarks of those days. The old Bulfinch Building (in my time, the Gymnasium), and the Chapel, alone, remain — part of a rapidly growing group, beautiful in a dignified symmetry. Superficially, it seems a new Andover, but the heart and soul of the old Andover are still there, kept alive by the love and loyalty of continuing generations of Andover boys."

JOHN CROSBY, '86:
President of the Washburn Crosby Flour Company

"As one grows older, his memory of early days grows fonder. More and more I prize the friendships I made and the teaching I received at Andover forty-five years ago. Scholarship can be found at many schools. But the character building and the fitting for life are still to be gained at Andover in unusual measure."

NATHANIEL STEVENS, '76
President, M. T. Stevens and Sons

"It has been a privilege to live during my whole life within the shadow of Phillips Academy and the atmosphere of the Phillips family traditions; and during a business career of over a half a century, the ideals as expressed by the Founder of the school and which have continued for one hundred and fifty years, have been dominating influences with me.

"When I look back to the Centennial celebration of 1878, which I attended, and compare the physical and material properties of the school at that time with those of today, I heartily look forward to the celebration of the Sesquicentennial as marking the beginning of a new era. The splendid work which it is now possible to do will, I am sure, show even greater results than in the preceding years."

JAMES B. NEALE, '92:
*President, Buck Run Coal Company; Trustee of
Phillips Academy*

"Old Andover boys may differ as to politics, religion, and many other things, but are a unit in their gratitude to the school for what it did for them, and they are a unit in the hope and full expectation that Phillips Academy will grow more and more helpful in the way of making Christian citizenship as the years go by."

MAJ. GEN. ADOLPHUS W. GREELY,
U. S. A.
*Author and Arctic explorer; Civil War veteran; in 1881
reached a point nearer the North Pole than anyone
before him*

"The Founders of Phillips Academy built more broadly than they knew. Antedating the establishment of the Nation, Phillips Academy has contributed to the country's success by its shaping in formative years the character of its graduates. As a native of Essex County I have long known its high standards as to teachers and pupils. Both my sons have profited by the teaching and influence of the Academy. I feel assured that the Sesquicentennial celebration will be a notable event."

COL. MARLBOROUGH CHURCHILL, '96:
Army Officer

"We are most influenced by the men we know when we are young; and I was fortunate in spending my childhood and boyhood in the shadow of the dear old school and in knowing many fine types of Andover men.

"My dear father was my earliest Phillips Andover influence. Loyal alumnus and devoted teacher for more than thirty years, he to my mind typified the best in the Andover tradition. The next influence was my brother Donald, who in his short life always remained true to the ideals he owed to Andover.

"As a youngster of five I learned to know Henry L. Stimson, and later, before entering the school, became well acquainted with such men as Vance McCormick, Clarence Morgan, John Greenway, and Fred Murphy. Among my own classmates who stand out in my memory are Fred Allen, Edward C. Carter, Arthur Drinkwater, and Frederic Palmer. Of the Faculty of my time Professors Graves, McCurdy, Eaton, Forbes, and Benner most impressed my youthful mind.

"Association with such men and minds unconsciously built up for me an Andover standard of manliness and character which helped me in the most critical period of my life. In the latter part of the World War I was unexpectedly called upon to expand the personnel of the newly created Military Intelligence Division of the General Staff. The work could only be done properly by having a standard and applying it to each prospective appointee. My officers came from nearly every school and every college in the land, but I endeavored to apply to each appointment the Andover standard of manliness which had been impressed upon me as a boy. In this way I began to see light in the darkness which clouded those troublous times.

"All this and more I owe to Andover and to the Andover traditions."

"BIG BILL" EDWARDS:

Collector of Internal Revenue, New York City, and famous Princeton football player; brother of R. H. Edwards, '97, and cousin of the Rev. F. Boyd Edwards, '96

"Phillips Academy is rich in scholastic traditions. Your great preparatory school has always been admired for its true sportsmanship and the loyalty of the alumni is ever in evidence.

"Too much credit cannot be given the caretakers of this great school.

"May your Sesquicentennial celebration bring to the school a certain renewed interest on the part of the alumni which cannot help but be of great benefit to the school.

"As a graduate of Lawrenceville and one who has played football against Andover teams, I send you my heartiest congratulations and cordial greetings."

MARCUS MORTON, '79:

Judge

"This old School would long since have ceased existence, had not the faith of its Founders, transmitted from one generation to another, been transmuted into concrete life by the idealism and practical wisdom of those fine masters, who, ever gazing upward and forward, but with feet firmly on the earth, gave their lives to the advancement of learning and the development of character.

"Generations may come and pass, but the life given to the School by them will endure. It is to them that all generations of scholars should bow their heads in grateful acknowledgment."

DR. SVEN V. KNUDSEN

of Denmark

"Four boys represented Phillips Academy and America in Denmark's homes in 1927. That was the first attempt to link selected American boys with selected homes of Europe. The attempt was a success.

"It assures all of the fact that what is best in America is similar to what is best in Europe, and that the two continents are closer to each other than sceptics want us to imagine.

"As long as Americans stand up for true American ideals, there will be a solid bridge between America and Europe. May many cross that bridge."

DR. W. L. NUTE, '10:

Director of the American College at Tarsus, Republic of Turkey. During thirty-five of this school's forty-one years, it has had an Andover president.

"The people of this country are growing more and more to believe in the things we stand for and seem eager to have us go forward hand in hand with them. One hundred and fifty years ago Andover was founded with the birth of a new Republic. Now a daughter of Andover finds herself taking on new life, while in a new country another promising and progressive republic is being formed."

DR. EDWIN F. SLOSSON

Author, Literary Editor of the "Independent" (1903-20). Associate of Columbia School of Journalism; lecturer at Andover, 1927

"What interested me most in my visit to Phillips Academy was the Museum of American Archaeology with its remarkable collection of relics of the races of the American continent before the arrival of the white man. The students of the Academy are exceptionally privileged to have the opportunity to see for themselves the remains of early American life and the actual materials out of which the history of the past is reconstructed."

ARTHUR W. RYDER:

Translator; Professor of Sanskrit at the University of California; Instructor at Phillips Academy, 1897-98

"I have been connected with schools, colleges, and universities in one way or another for forty-five years without a break. I feel that to all the rest together I owe less than to Phillips Academy. There was my true education, and there I spent a most happy year (1897-1898) teaching Latin."

PERCY GRAINGER:

Australian Pianist and Composer

"I have the happiest memories of my visit to your wonderful institute and send all that's in me, my most friendly greeting."

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG:

Novelist; author of "Love is Enough" and "Wood-smoke"; lecturer at Andover, 1927

"Andover remains among my most pleasant memories of the United States. I send you my most cordial good wishes for the occasion."

VAN CAMPEN HEILNER, '18
F. R. G. S., author, explorer, associate editor of "Field and Stream"; head of Van Campen Heilner Alaskan Expedition for the American Museum of Natural History

MAJOR VIVIAN GILBERT:
Actor; author, "The Romance of the Last Crusade," lecturer at Andover, 1923

JOE BLUNT:
Postman on Andover Hill for more than a generation

"I consider the years I spent at Andover had the greatest influence upon me of any during my life.

"As a moulder of character, democracy, ambition, and the fundamentals of manhood, there is no institution in the world can approach it."

"I have the pleasantest memories of your fine school."

"Joe, where's my letters?"

"Got one for me, Joe?"

"These have been familiar greetings to me from many dear old Phillips boys. Certainly there would be something physically wrong with me if I did not retain my youthful spirit after delivering those 'letters' for thirty years to the best of boys, who are attending the finest school of all.

The cry has been "Here's to Lindy and 'We!'"

But now it's changing, always to be

(Father to son, — son to the world —)

"Here's to P. A.! Phillips Andover for me!"

"JIM" RYLEY

"Returning to the greatest prep school of the country will remind you of the 'grilling' you received here."

JOHN STEWART:

Andover's colored tailor for a quarter century

"I am greatly honored to be able to say a word to my old friends and customers through this book. May this celebration be the greatest ever on Andover Hill, and may it mark a new era in the progress of the good old school."

"HERB" CHASE:

for close to forty years outfitter for Andover's athletic teams

"It was in 1877 that I first watched the football games at Andover and with few exceptions have seen all football and baseball games since then. What changes both in the way sports are conducted and the feeling between Andover and Exeter! What a change in the lesser sports! They were once street teams, class contests, and the such.

"In baseball they had a cannon at first and third base. One year a class left a cannon in my care at the store, and later another class gave me theirs to take charge of. I'll say for once I was between two fires. That same year we lost the Exeter track meet owing to Sol Metzger's being disciplined for getting in a rough house at 'Chap's' after being cautioned by Coach Kirkpatrick.

"What a splendid change now, and for the better! And through it all what a fine lot of boys and every one loyal to 'Herb'.

"I was at the Centennial of 1878 (sneaked under the tent), but for the Sesquicentennial I have a formal invitation."

THE AMERICAN RADIO RELAY LEAGUE
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

RADIOGRAM

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NUMBER	FROM STATION	LOCATED AT	DATE	TIME	CHECK	OPERATOR
243	WDP	Antelope Bay Labrador.	Feb. 9	- -		

FROM: A. Porter Thompson, Chairman, Sesquicentennial Record, Bartlett Hall, Andover, Mass.

TO: Greetings to Andover, one of the best, from the snow-covered hills of northern Labrador. Having been a teacher of boys for ten years, naturally I am deeply interested in the wonderful record that Phillips Academy has made in preparing boys for college and for the highest duties of life. Grounds, buildings, name, do not make a school. There is something far deeper than such. If your very excellent Headmaster, your Faculty, and students were here with me among Indians and Eskimos, it would still be the same good school. May Andover live on, and may its name, Phillips Academy, always stand for something which means something. Donald B. MacMillan, Commander Reson-Vacillia-Field Museum Expedition.

SENT

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			Feb. 9			

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A P THOMPSON

ARTIST HALL ANDOVER MASS

I AM GRATEFUL FOR YOUR INVITATION IN CONNECTION WITH THE SESQUICENTENNIAL STOP IT HAS BEEN MY PRIVILEGE TO KNOW PRINCIPAL HEADING PERSONALLY FOR THIRTY FIVE YEARS AND TO HAVE KNOWN PHILLIPS ACADEMY FOR EVEN A LONGER TIME STOP YOUR LONG AND HONORABLE RECORD IS AN ASSET FOR THE WHOLE NATION AND EVEN THOSE WHO DO NOT HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF ATTENDING THE ACADEMY MAY RIGHTFULLY REJOICE IN WHAT YOU HAVE DONE AND JOIN WITH YOU IN THE PRAYER THAT THE NEXT HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS MAY BE EVEN MORE USEFUL THAN THOSE THAT HAVE PASSED

DWIGHT W MORROW 828AM

Reminiscences of Andover in the Year 1892

BY CLIFFORD HERSCHEL MOORE

Dean of Faculty of Arts and Sciences, Harvard University; Former Professor of Greek at Phillips Academy; Trustee of Phillips Academy

I AM not so fortunate as to be a Phillips Academy boy; but I did serve two happy years (1892-94) as Professor of Greek, succeeding Professor Coy; and now for nearly twenty-six years I have enjoyed the privilege of being a member of the Board of Trustees. I came to Phillips Academy after teaching for three years in a new school on the western edge of the United States, and therefore I could take a somewhat objective view of this ancient school.

No one, especially a New Englander by birth and training, coming new to Andover could fail to be impressed with the charm of the village and hill on which the Academy was set and with the delightful society that he found there. The presence of the Theological Seminary within and beside the Academy for eighty-five years had exerted an influence on a large part of the community that was extraordinary and in many ways ennobling: the austerity of an early time had largely departed; theological strife had lost most of its bitterness; men and women read, thought, and talked of serious and important matters without neglecting the light and joyous play of life which gives it grace and wholesomeness. All in all, in an experience now somewhat wide and varied, I have never known a more delightful nor stimulating community than that to which my wife and I were generously welcomed in 1892.

The Academy had been doing a large part in creating this environment during the one hundred and fourteen years of its life. Three things greatly impressed me when I joined its teaching staff: the high character of the Faculty, the standard of work, and the value of a long and noble tradition.

The Faculty was small then compared with that of today. At its head was that wise and genial man, Dr. Bancroft, who, possessing an uncanny insight into the nature of the boys and their parents, guided the School quietly and effectively for so many years; Professor Graves in the Natural Sciences was a skillful teacher and a good councillor; and Mr. McCurdy in Mathematics had long been winning the grateful affection of boys and associates with a completeness that made him "Mac" to forty school generations. Of the teachers of my time six are valiantly carrying on today the great tradition. To my former colleagues, the dead and the living alike, I am bound by ties of esteem and gratitude.

The standard of work was good: then as now, I trust, boys were expected to "get their lessons", and to behave like young gentlemen; and on the whole they did. Moreover, I found that boys were not coddled at Andover, but that, given reasonable guidance, they had to learn to walk alone. One of the chief glories of Phillips Academy is that boys gain there the power to be independent and the ability to find themselves intellectually and socially in a large group of their contemporaries. In my day the lack of means made it impossible to encourage the best boys to make their maximum scholastic effort, but with the present splendid endowment of the School this important service is being rendered more and more.

Yet above all other things I was continually reminded of the value of the Academy's great tradition: for one hundred and fourteen years then, one hundred and fifty now, in adversity and prosperity the great ideals of true piety and of learning — the great ends of living — have been cherished with wisdom and devotion. I saw how the newcomers, myself with the rest, felt the challenge and inspiration of that noble past whose tradition we knew we must not mar but rather justify. Now after thirty-six years in which that tradition has been made more precious than ever before by the devoted staff, I feel that it is the most valuable possession of Phillips Academy and the greatest assurance for the future.

If space allowed, I should like to enlarge on many other topics. I could speak of our delightful relations with the boys, some of them, long since holding high places of trust and power; then when sleep had held them too long, they would poach on our ice box for a cold breakfast — with our secret knowledge and amused consent; of that hot night in early June when, after eight, I sat on a table at "Chap's" and gleefully swung my feet against a boy who had dived under the table at my entrance and did not dare to try to escape my kicks. His face, when he caught my eye next morning, as he entered number 9, still makes me smile.

But these things would take me quite too far. Memories of matters serious and gay combine to make my long association with Phillips Academy a cherished possession. May the ancient School do a yet nobler work in years to come!



THE OLD CAMPUS AND LATIN COMMONS

"In the Spring there was lots of Baseball"

A Paper and a School

By JULIAN S. MASON, '94

Editor, New York Evening Post

WRITING for the *Sesquicentennial Record* from the Editorial chair of a newspaper now completing its one-hundred-and-twenty-seventh year, my mind instinctively sprang to a comparison of that life with the contemporaneous career of Phillips Andover. What has happened to American journalism in the last 150 years? Has it advanced with the splendid strides of the Academy on the hill?

Our newspapers are continually slanged for sins which some commit and for which all are blamed. Yet there is in the earliest beginnings of the American press much of the same quality of austere nobility which the Phillips family put into the founding of their schools. When Alexander Hamilton founded the *New York Evening Post* in the first year of the nineteenth century, there was formulated the statement of purpose that still stands daily at the head of its editorial columns:

"The design of this paper is to diffuse among the people correct information on all interesting subjects, to inculcate just principles in religion, morals and politics, and to cultivate a taste for sound literature."

If we substitute for the opening line "The design of this academy is to diffuse among its pupils", we would have a statement of idealistic purpose which would suit school instead of newspaper. There is and always has been an identity of moral aims between an honorable newspaper and a first-rank institution of learning.

The editors are equivalent to the principals. As Andover cherishes its great heads, like Adams or Bancroft, so does my newspaper point with pride to the names of its former Editors, William Cullen Bryant, Horace White, Carl Schurz, and E. L. Godkin.

Such men kept burning the lamps of idealism. Andover has had occasional halts in its long march upwards. The end of a great principalship or the lack

of an able leader has made the academy have its dark hours now and again. But the school was soon picked up by a newer generation, its progress renewed, its power strengthened and increased.

Under Dr. Stearns and the men who surrounded him, the academy has for almost the first time come fully abreast of its times. Educationally and spiritually there is no finer school in the country today. And many a university would envy its physical plant. Its clean old New England soul is housed in the loveliest of modern buildings.

In this way Hamilton's paper has lived contemporaneously. It has fallen into periods of depression and limited usefulness no less than nine times in its life. Yet as other publications either failed or were absorbed, each crisis has brought it a new editorship and a new period of service. Like the school, too, the newspaper has held true to its first high purposes and has merely used a modern plant to give better expression to them.

Journalism in America is in my judgment upon a higher plane than ever has been the case before. Critics go back to the great days of Greeley and Raymond to praise a "personal era" that is considered finer than the present day of more commercialized publishing. Let them turn to Greeley's handling of a presidential election; then let them see how the same situation is treated by the great papers of the present. Greeley's fire may be lacking, though this is by no means always true; but also there will be lacking Greeley's bias, and there will be added a meticulous, accurate presentation of information such as Greeley never conceived.

This I say to prove my faith that a famous old newspaper has kept pace with a famous old school as they have gone down the years of America's life. May each long be spared to do increasing service to a common country.

Delphi

By ALLEN R. BENNER, '88
Professor of Greek at Phillips Academy



View from a back seat in the Theatre at Delphi

THE tiny steamboat with its crew of swarthy Greeks touched at a village called Itea and we landed. There was waiting a comfortable carriage drawn by three horses, sturdy and tough, harnessed abreast. These trotted briskly, now by a gradual ascent, now over a plain, on the new road winding toward Parnassus. Two thousand years ago — two thousand and five hundred years ago — people may have travelled over a more direct trail, but less comfortably. In the ancient days, riding in carts, or on horseback, or on foot, they were journeying to the seat of their great god Apollo, presided over by his living ministers. Today, we were visiting fallen marble ruins, untenanted save by a distant and sleepy guard. So we journeyed and enjoyed the expansive view — above us, the mountain peaks; and below us, the “irresistible” sea.

Part way on our journey, the driver halted his horses at a watering trough. And meanwhile our interest was held by a venerable priest (all Greek priests, with flowing beards, look venerable) who from a second story balcony harangued a crowd of peasants. We had stopped in a little hamlet. A few youngsters, with curious eyes, watched us; but the villagers for the most part — the congregation seemed to include everybody — were intent on the words of the priest. A new doctrine had replaced the oracles of Apollo.

We departed unnoticed and climbed again. What wonderful groves of olive trees, what superb patches of green, stretched far, far away, as we gazed down toward the blue water!

On the edge of the evening we entered a small but comfortable inn, situated not far from the place of ancient pilgrimage. How peaceful, how solitary all seemed! About three o'clock in the morning, however, I was aroused from sleep by a tremendous pounding at the entrance, directly below my bedroom. The thought of brigands — I recollected *Le Roi des Montagnes* — immediately occurred to me. But soon there

was quiet again, and I was asleep before I ascertained who had gained admission.

At breakfast the next morning we found two young Princeton men who admitted that they had unintentionally played the part of brigands. They had come by moonlight over the ancient trail from Thebes, on horseback.

In the coolness of the early morning we wandered along the road toward the Sacred Way. We encountered nobody except a peasant woman with a couple of “beasts of burden”. As she watered the animals from a trough by the roadside, we visited the grotto nearby, which we believed must hold the Castalian Spring.

Then we climbed the Sacred Way, fallen blocks of marble on each side bearing witness to many structures of old. A reconstructed “Treasury of the Athenians” aided our imagination. We lingered a while on the masses of marble and on the sills where once the Temple of Apollo had stood. All was desolation. We looked for the cleft in the rocks of the temple floor whence the narcotic vapor is said to have issued — the reputed cause of the inspiration of the Delphic priestess. But it had vanished, with priestess and priests. Even the ingenious French excavators, it would seem, had found no trace of the famous chasm.

Next, we sat in the marble seats of the ancient theatre nearby — a gem of antiquity — and mused for a long time. Was the “Ion” ever played here? And other more famous tragedies? We did not try, however, to imagine the music of flutes intoning the Delphic hymns.

Now we climbed higher, to get a wider view; and we were rewarded by our arrival at the Stadium. How complete it was! It was situated on a shelf, partly artificial, of the slope of Parnassus. After resting in the seats, we took our places at the starting point of the foot race. My companion, once a famous runner on the

(Continued on page 74)



A peasant woman with her “beasts of burden” on the carriage road at Delphi

An Andover Dreamer

By RAYMOND WEEKS, '87

Professor of Romance Languages at Columbia University and Author of the Best Short Story of 1927

THE early night train from Denver east. For half an hour, I had sat alone in the smoking compartment, watching the mountains disappear in the darkness, when there came in a polite, smooth-shaven, thin-featured man of about my age, wearing a coat unusually black, cut unusually long. He sat down, drew from his pocket a panatella cigar, held it for a few minutes in his thin fingers, lighted it slowly, and commenced to smoke carefully, delicately. He sat on the edge of the seat, and looked uncomfortable. There was in him something precise, honest, ineffectual — almost clerical or professorial. We soon began to converse. His vocabulary was large, accurate, elegant, and his pronunciation that of a cultivated New Englander. After a while, I said to him with a smile:

"Exeter, or Andover?"

He looked at me surprised:

"Andover. What made you suspect me?"

"A gift we Phillips boys often have for recognizing one another!"

"But why did you not say: 'Andover, or Exeter'?"

"Affair of courtesy: I'm an Andover boy."

"Ah! I see!" We shook hands, and our conversation became reminiscent. There was mention of many men who had once been mighty on Andover Hill — men like Bancroft, McCurdy, Graves, Coy, Comstock, Churchill. "Trainers of great dreamers they were," my companion said. "Andover is the training ground of dreamers — perhaps I am a dreamer myself . . ."

"In what way?"

"You see, I am out lecturing in favor of peace — world peace, we call it. I also lectured on the subject of armaments for several months prior to the Washington Conference."

"Who paid your expenses?"

"The churches — we had a fund . . ."

"Who provided it?"

"Mostly the peace foundations, I think. Then, contributions from the various churches . . ."

"Protestant churches, I suppose?"

"Yes, the Catholics took no part."

"It has not occurred to you that they were perhaps right for once — that we Protestants are running about in circles, to give ourselves the illusion of having something to do?"

"You speak as if we were finished."

"In a sense we are. A few generations, and we shall be a visible minority in this country, but what we fought for will not perish."

"What is that?"

"The freedom of thought — of research. Our religion has become an ethical system, which is the final form of every religion. We shall continue to diminish in numbers, until, sometime within two centuries, there will come another Reformation. It will consecrate the researches of Protestant scholars."

"Then you think that we who talk of pacifism are running round in a circle — that we are dreamers?"

"No, I should say that you are criminals — involuntary criminals, or fools if you prefer."

"How so?"

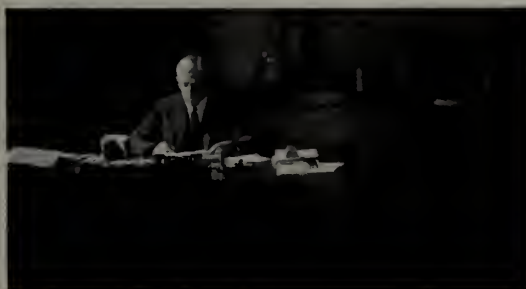
"Let me repeat to you a formula — a deadly formula of my own devising, and see if you can squirm out from under it! Here it is: 'However sincere many of our pacifists may have been before and during the Great War, it is not their fault that the Central Powers failed to win.' Can you do anything with that?"

My companion sat in thought for a moment.

"Why, no! I cannot deny that . . . I see what you mean: if we had been more numerous, the United States would not have entered the war, and Germany would have won. Yes, one has to admit that . . . But now?"

"Now? You see what a pack of fools you pacifists have been. What makes you think that you are anything else now?"

We talked amicably enough for an hour longer; then I wished him good night. I glanced back as I left the compartment. He sat on the edge of the seat, with his unfinished cigar between his fingers, and his eyes looking out into the black night.



Dr. Stearns at his desk



AFTERNOON LIGHT

*Water color by Robert
Hallowell, '06*



WIND AND SUN

*Water color by Robert
Hallowell, '06*

American Art Today and Tomorrow

By ROBERT HALLOWELL, '06

Artist and former Editor of the New Republic

ART is one of those things, like Progress, Heaven and Shakespeare, that everybody takes for granted and seldom takes for anything else. Let a distinguished Chinaman come to New York and ask what's worth seeing, and we will all tell him, without batting an eye this, that and the Metropolitan Museum. He would think we actually knew what was in the Metropolitan, and that perhaps we spend a good deal of our time there, the way we crack it up. But let that Chinaman, who nine chances to one does know a whole lot about Chinese painting, ask who are the outstanding American painters, or what are the distinguishing traits of American painting, and we will remember right off that the cocktail hour has arrived and switch the talk to prohibition Yes, there's no denying, art does rank high among us—in theory. It is the most lip-worshipped of our idols, and the least loved.

But it is doubtful if that will be true much longer. An art renaissance of genuine vitality is dawning in America, and the signs are not lacking that in another generation or two America may actually wrest from Europe the Art leadership of the world. Not only is art receiving more lip-worship than before, and more discriminating lip-worship; it is being more and more widely seen as something of at least potential social significance.

Crossing the water a few weeks ago, there was delivered to my stateroom, on leaving, a letter from an Andover undergraduate asking advice concerning the best education—whether college or art school—for an artist. In the dining saloon I found myself, at the first luncheon out, seated quite by accident at the same table with two young American artists: one, an East

Side Jew, a sculptor, headed for Berlin, because he “could afford to live there”; and the other, a painter, an ex-instructor at one of the New England universities, an American himself for generations, headed for Paris, because, like myself, he “could afford to live there”. There was another painter on the boat; and on the trip before, to America, a similar situation was encountered. And today the Latin Quarter in Paris, and particularly Mont Parnasse, is, of course, as much American as Latin.

This rising tide of art interest in America, in the land of practical achievement, is one of the outstanding manifestations of our adulthood as a nation. When young men and women in surprisingly growing numbers elect to live, for the sake of their art, as artists generally still must live, in comparative or very real poverty; when they turn voluntarily from remunerative occupations to this most precarious calling known to man; when stern banker fathers are cajoled or brow-beaten or in some way won over to an acceptance of their folly, something is doing.

I ought, it would seem, as a practising artist, to be able to say precisely what it is that's doing. One thing is sure; a frightful lot of near-art, and not-art, and bad-art is being turned out; a good many, too many cigarettes are being smoked and *fines* drunk; and, I suppose, the canvas-, paper-, paint-, and brush-makers must be getting rich. But there's a residue of good art, and some perhaps even great art, that is coming out of all this activity, the like of which America has never seen before. And most of all, what is coming out is the conviction on the part of thousands, that ugliness is stifling and that the creative spirit is the life spirit.

Why?

By GEORGE T. EATON, '73

MY reader should deem himself fortunate if he can say, “I too attended Phillips Academy”. And if he asks himself why fortunate, the answer is at hand.

The winds from New Hampshire bring health and vigor; the view from the hilltop reveals Wachusett, Monadnock, and the lesser slopes to the north and west.

The contact with schoolmates from all quarters of the world opens wide visions of democratic living and possibilities of service.

The student of today may also rejoice in the beauty of his physical surroundings in recitation rooms, chapel, playing fields, and auditorium.

But, above all and beyond all, is the inspiration that comes from the past, the far-seeing wisdom of the Founders, the ever lengthening list of notable men who have added lustre to the Phillips name, and the unselfish labor and sacrifice of those who have here lived their lives, endeavoring to mold the character of those whom they have met in classroom and on the campus.



THE MOUNTAIN BY CHARLES A. PLATT

Exploration

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

Author, Scientist, Explorer; Lecturer at Andover, 1927

TO write a paragraph or two about exploration is like dipping up a glass of water from the sea and showing it to persons far inland, and expecting them, therefrom, to visualize the sea.

My only word is that there is enough exploration for generations to come. If one cannot go far, remember that only five per cent of the life-histories of the insects within fifty miles of New York City are known. Six months spent on a square rod of jungle or shore will yield more than most trips of a thousand miles.

Fifty miles up in the air awaits someone — a mile down beneath the surface of the sea — someone else. The mystery of the power of concentration of the human mind is still a mystery.

And there awaits the man or men who will learn how easy it is to go year after year with only five hours sleep each night, and who can work or play with the concentrated enthusiasm which should make of every precious minute of life on this splendid ball of whirling earth, a supreme joy.

A Letter from the Labrador Doctor

By SIR WILFRED GRENFELL

OVER thirty years ago, before I ever saw the United States, in the wonderful Labrador fiord, called Nakvak, I picked up a dying boy on a beach. He owned nothing on earth, not even any clothing, and was so ill he was left to die. Next day the chief trader of a Hudson's Bay post, coming on board, recognized the child as he lay on the companion hatch of my little steamer in the sunshine. "I have a letter for that boy," he said. "What? A letter?" It seemed impossible that any one could possibly write to this waif of the wilderness. But he brought it on board and it bore the post mark of "Andover".* I opened it and found in it a photograph of a smiling old face, radiating the love that had prompted the letter. I put it in front of the boy's eyes and asked, "Who is this? Do you know him?" He looked at it for a while. A glad smile lit up his wan face, and he said, "Yes, me even love him."

A year later, by the old man's request I visited Andover to speak in a Congregational Church. I would gladly have gone anywhere to shake hands with that man. I expected a small congregation in a "non-conformist chapel". I found all churches of all denominations had closed down for the evening, and not a seat was empty in the largest church in town. In Andover for the first time in my life had I seen such brotherhood between Christian churches.

Those who rate life's values as I do, can see that I already owed Andover debts I could never pay. Since

*This letter had been sent by the Rev. C. C. Carpenter, late of Andover, who through this incident influenced Dr. Grenfell to come to the United States. The first place that Dr. Grenfell addressed an audience in this country was at Andover.

then I have known Phillips Academy, its Headmaster, and seen the spirit of its boys, who have worked with me in far-off Labrador.

What we grade a colleague by, in our work, has nothing whatever to do with his opinions, as we have long ago become convinced that even the most infallible persons alter their opinions. What we think counts in life is what a man is himself and what his opinions lead him to do. Without a single exception, those who have come to help us from Andover have shown that unselfish spirit of service and that joy in giving of themselves as opposed to getting for themselves. That, to us, spells the qualifications of the true Knight. Andover, I have every reason to know, offers all the information to its pupils that any other school does, but to us it is a true educational school, because it leads men out of themselves and furnishes thus the only real essential of education; viz., the inspiration that makes its graduates regard life as a field of honor and not as the sorry tragedy of grabbing all one can of its animal satisfactions. As the quota of its alumni who have served with us passes through my mind, I see men of courage, of physical strength, and, above all, with that true love that forgets itself, laughs at physical difficulties and set-backs, makes the most of what assets the environment affords, radiates that common-sense and good humor which makes the world a joy under any circumstances and so truly reflects that love of God which is the one essential of any true religion. We of the staff of the Labrador Mission take off our hats to Phillips Academy of Andover, Massachusetts, under its beloved head, Dr. Alfred E. Stearns.

In the Mamertine Prison

(II Timothy 4:6, 7)

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Author and Poet; Speaker at Andover, 1927

And all night long the wild beasts roared behind him,
And, daily, he could hear the long applause
Of wilder beasts whose pleasure had consigned him
To Rome's convenient laws.

A year shrugged by. The applauding world was Nero's;
The prisoner's world remained unlistening stones.
His body, never shaped to be a hero's,
Bent down upon its bones.

Two years. Disciples turned away. He suffered
Doubt that was even colder than neglect.
He waited. He was ready to be offered.
He wrote. He stood erect

And Nero, longing for an hour's resistance
Entered the Circus, talkative and light.
"What food for lions! Bah! These spineless Christians.
Not one of them will fight."

The "Sea of Faces"

By GRANT MITCHELL, '92

THE theatre audience, traditionally described as a "Sea of Faces," is to the actor a perpetually interesting subject for study. Sometimes, alas, the sea appears as a sea of empty seats — and sometimes again a sea of empty faces, which is even worse. An audience so definitely uninterested as to seem positively antagonistic is harder on the actor than one which is merely absent, and, therefore, passive in its opposition, — negative in effect! For, as long as there is an auditor in evidence who is obviously not interested, any actor deserving to be called such will try with all his energy to "get his man", — whether he wishes to do so or not. Voluntarily or involuntarily, he will expend, if necessary, all of his vitality in the effort.

This may in a measure account for that intense, ever-present interest felt by actors in the reactions of their audience. One frequently hears the layman ascribe this interest to vanity — expressing his belief that if the actor were more of an artist he would be quite oblivious of his audience. This, of course, is perfect nonsense. There are undoubtedly great moments on the stage as in real life when the individual, swept along by a great wave of genuine or pseudo-emotion, forgets, or *almost* forgets, everything in the world except that emotion. But with the actor it will never be more than "almost" forgetting. If he failed to, even subconsciously, remember his audience, — failed to remember that he was acting, — not really "living the part", — we should behold on our stage such spectacles as actual murder — instead of merely what the critics call "murdering the role"; we should have our beautiful, tearful heroine transformed into an unattractive woman with red nose and swollen eyes; characters would become inaudible in their moments of great emotion, and, at points of dramatic importance, be found in positions from which they were invisible to their audience.

As to comedy, if the situation were 100 per cent "real" to the actor — if he were *totally* oblivious of his audience, how could he "time" his "points" so as to "get them over"? How could he make those necessary pauses in his speeches while the great bursts of laughter sufficiently subside for his next line to be heard?

All this is very obvious, though so many persons amazingly fail to realize it. Slightly more subtly, the actor must just as infallibly feel the pulse of his audience, regulating his tempo and varying his method to suit, at every moment of his performance. The restless, listless, or coughing audience can often be won over by his speeding-up the action or the dialogue; if the "house" is "so still that you could hear a pin drop" the actor knows that he holds it in the hollow of his hand, and can play with it, by slowing up a bit and being as subtle as he chooses.

Questions constantly asked are, "Do your audiences differ in different cities?" "Do they differ in the same theatre from night to night?" What a thoughtless question the latter is! Even the inexperienced theatre-goer cannot have failed to notice how those seated about him seem sometimes to have entered upon a compact obligating one group to take up the coughing where another leaves it off; how one little party, by subdued chattering, distracts the attention of all of those in its vicinity; or how, in some section of the house, loud, raucous laughter either disturbs by coming at most inopportune points, or, even if appropriately timed, may be so conspicuous that the audience soon begins listening for its recurrence, and laughing at the individual laughter instead of at the comedy on the stage.

A play is not a play, as distinguished from a book to be read, without an audience. The reaction of the audience is such an integral part of the production — and an audience is so sensitive in its reactions (even though totally unconscious of itself) — that it becomes of tremendous importance for the actor to be constantly feeling its pulse. This, of course, he does, after a little experience, instinctively. It becomes impossible for him to be oblivious of response or lack of response.

The fact that a theatrical company may have been presenting the same play every night for two years does not in the least lessen the sincere interest with which the actors continue to say to one another, "How are they tonight?" — "Weren't they dumb in that act!" or, "They're waking up at last!" And this is the great answer to that perennial question, "How *can* you go on saying the same things, night after night?" Things are *never* exactly the same. We may play our same cards in the same sequence (barring the ever-present possibility of mishap), but we never know to a certainty how the audience are going to play theirs! Certain cards we can, to be sure, rely upon to take the trick (in the absence of a miracle, a cry of fire, or a deafening cough!), but just how heavily that trick will score, one can never tell in advance. To make a very commonplace comparison, the motorman in a metropolitan street takes his car over the same route, at the same hour, day after day, indefinitely, but is his trip ever twice exactly the same? He has *his* "full house", his standees, or his empty seats; at any corner his fickle public may stop him or allow him to speed by; if anyone appears to be asleep in his path, may he ignore the fact? Or can he pursue his way through the city regardless of either his passengers or the "audience" that he sees before him? It is all team work, after all!

As to the question whether audiences are of noticeably different character in different parts of the country! Certain fundamental differences exist, such as that one

city is notoriously more hospitable than another to the risqué or daring play, and that the smaller cities positively repudiate as indecent many a "show" that has flourished for a season or two on Broadway (true though it is that these "Broadway" audiences are largely recruited from citizens of those same smaller communities, — citizens who, when in Paris, "want to see Paris, Sunday or no Sunday!"); yet I think every actor would agree that the rapid standardization of the lives of all of us is bringing it to pass that one can no longer exclaim, "A typical Washington audience!" or "Wouldn't you know this was Pittsburgh!" This standardization is due, of course, in large part to our improved facilities for travel — the obliteration of local provincial traits which follows in the wake of the motor, the radio, etc.

Naturally, then, we find more similarity between the theatre audiences of widely separated cities of the smaller size — audiences usually made up of all grades of local society — than we find between audiences in different sections of New York City itself! The author, the actor, the manager, all know that certain types of play, certain scenes or lines, will "go" best in the sophisticated theatres of "Broadway", others in the Bronx, and still others in various remote sections of Brooklyn. These audiences differ, naturally, just as the theatre neighborhoods themselves differ with their inhabitants of varying types, races, or nationalities.

If it were not for the fascination of an audience, no one, of course, would ever "go on the stage". If satisfaction were to be had by merely impersonating a role, all of us young things would have done our acting in our own rooms in leisure hours at home!

The Audience makes the theatre, as truly as the Actor does. And such intoxication as lurks in the conscious swaying of an audience is largely the explanation of that unflinching fascination exerted over the actor by his calling. Victim though he may be of the mood of his audience — utterly destroyed for the moment by a cough or an ill-timed laugh! — still he knows that at any instant a small crisis may arise in which it will depend upon him alone whether the audience is to react in the one way or the other.

For instance, take the case of some slip, some ridiculous mistake in the speech of an actor. If the guilty one pause to correct himself, thereby calling attention to his error, gales of laughter are certain to follow, ruining a "serious" scene; whereas, by utterly ignoring it and going quickly on as if nothing had occurred, the catastrophe may be averted.

One night, years ago, playing in a popular farce in a huge, crowded theatre of Chicago, I stood in the center of the stage alone with the charming ingenue. The author intended to convey to the minds of his audience at this point, early in the play, that the young charmer and I were lovers. Her "mother", appearing at a doorway at the extreme right of the scene, called out, "Aren't you coming, Gwen?" and she was to reply, "No, mother; I'll stay here with Bob". On the memorable night in question the ingenue made the mistake, more or less excusably, of listening to her own sweet voice instead of thinking of her words; when the maternal question came, "Aren't you coming, Gwen?" she replied, ever so sweetly (and, oh, so clearly!), laying a hand upon my arm so that the dullest intelligence in the far reaches of that vast audience could not possibly mistake her, "No, I'll stay here with *Mother*!" Although the horror of that moment whitened my hair, and, I doubt not, shortened both of our lives, we somehow held our ground, going right on with the dialogue. The audience was still as a mouse. After the act, she exclaimed to me, "Oh, wasn't it awful!" "Yes", I replied; "nothing worse can ever creep into our lives, but you deserve a crown of laurel for not correcting yourself. If you had done that, they'd have been laughing yet. We could never have finished the play." True, too! The psychology of it being of course that if the actor betrays no consciousness of having made a mistake, each individual auditor thinks that he himself has misunderstood, and mentally supplies or substitutes the intended word.

If we give them time to exchange notes, and "get together on it", we are lost.

Ladies and Gentlemen, we are in your hands, — quite as truly as you are in ours.

Let us go on together!

Petrarch the Humanist

By NATHAN HASKEL DOLE, '70

IT is probable that most persons know of Francesco Petrarca, or, as the name is generally spelt in English, Petrarch, only as the lover of the beautiful Laura, to whom he wrote his famous sonnets, so often translated. He was born a little more than six and a quarter centuries ago at Arezzo, where his parents, exiled like Dante from Florence, were at that time living. After receiving the highest education possible both in France and in Italy, he travelled widely, and then lived first at Avignon, where six hundred years and one ago, he met

the fair and virtuous young wife of Hugo de Sade, to whom before her death in 1348 she bore eleven children. There was nothing sordid or impure in Petrarca's love for her, and probably her husband was as proud of the poems she inspired as Laura herself was. On receiving word that "that light was withdrawn from this light (ab hac luce lux illa subtracta est)" he commemorated his eternal passion for "that most chaste and beautiful body" and his grief that he should never again behold

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"The equipment was meager"

The Old School

BY BOYD EDWARDS, '96
Headmaster of the Hill School

ANY old Andover boy who loves his school for all that advances her finest prestige, progress, and prospects must feel an inexpressible gratitude to Dr. Stearns. If one happens to know the academic world of our day he realizes the honor and affection with which educational leaders give respectful attention to Dr. Stearns' record, opinions, and words. He incarnates the standard we all acknowledge at our best. He has steadily built "foundations under the air-castles", until Andover's material equipment is now as nearly complete and suitable as any educational institution of our time. Every old boy must rejoice in his courageous and statesmanlike program for due recognition to men like Forbes and Benner and others, whose dynamic personality, devoted service, and brilliant teaching have added fresh distinction to our great historical school.

Life at Andover in my time was simple, the equipment meagre, but I can never be grateful enough for that friendly, inspiring, personal interest which Eaton, Freeman, Graham and Newton of the instruction staff of my own day, and still active, gave me. I would also make loving mention of Mrs. Whittemore and her Bible class in the Academy Chapel.

Speaking as a headmaster, who realizes how deeply men impress boys without realizing it, and how much the fidelity of colleagues means to one who carries the great trust and noble responsibility of leadership in a boys' school, I welcome the opportunity to pay a

tribute and assure them of an affection and gratitude beyond all words.

Nothing can ever take the primary place in the education of boys which has always been held by *men of memorable personal quality*. Their words may die out of memory, the subjects they taught may pass out of current interest in our increasingly crowded lives, even the mental and moral discipline they guided may blend with many other disciplines which life has brought us; but they — the men — in all that revealed their manliness, their friendliness, their kindling love of honor and truth, make the radiant peaks on our horizon of life. We lift our eyes to them still whenever we review the whole landscape of our experiences. Whenever we look forward to the Andover of tomorrow we shall be confident if men like them shall still be rousing and guiding the sons of today who father the future.

My greatest debt to Andover is due to Dr. Bancroft's trusting me once when he might have doubted me. From that time on I was bound, by every sense of honor possible to me, to merit his trust. The highest successes lie with the men who deserve the faith of boys, and can make boys resolve to deserve to be trusted ever more and more fully.

Andover has always assumed the honorable manliness of her sons. That is why so large a proportion of those sons are honorable and honored men of today, standing straight and steadfast in the world's great work.

Contrast

By A MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF 1915

THE last squealing, protesting, and badly frightened horse had been swung over the rusty side of the transport *Lotus*. We lay alongside the wharf at Marseilles, due at any moment to turn our nose eastward through the outer harbor and start our "run" for Salonika, to join the troops already on the Balkan front.

With "sub"-infested waters ahead of us, a cargo of stinking mules and horses, and almost as stinking black colonial troops, no one was looking forward to the trip.

The hilly city rising from the harbor in irregular steps of pink and yellow walls and red tile roofs looked very peaceful and inviting in the afternoon sun. I hated to leave it.

Here and there narrow twisting streets opened into the highway that ran along the harbor edge; acting as tributaries to the endless noisy stream of traffic that rattled and jogged over the cobblestones.

Watching this lively procession, I noted one side street cleared itself of the last few carts and motor trucks and lay there in empty shadow, a dead artery in all this rush and bustle. A straggling crowd began to collect at this corner, peering up into the street's twisted windings. Traffic slowed at the corner and finally halted altogether.

Some spell seemed to be spreading from the mouth of that side street, for the procession along the waterfront stormed up and stopped also, seemingly spellbound.

As the rumble of carts and trucks died away, a murmuring undertone of music carried to me faintly from that now quiet side street. Gradually it grew louder, swelling and sinking with well defined cadence. It was no ordinary music, but a chorus of human voices, hundreds of them, so blended and keyed that the sound came floating to my ears in great rich chords, organlike in their quality. I never heard anything like it. The growing volume set the still air vibrating with its crescendos and sent the chills down my spine. Then again the main chorus seemed to simply hum the air while a smaller group sang the verses, now loud now soft, sometimes with a mournful strain running through it, but through all its vibrations carrying a beat and an irresistible rhythm that started my feet tapping to its time.

Suddenly out of that narrow side street swung the singers, a river of human beings that filled it from wall to wall with one great well-drilled stream: — Russians!

Tall men, they were, in olive drab tunics with a heavy blanket roll over one shoulder, heavy boots on their perfectly swinging feet, and their high sheepskin hats that set off their swarthy animated faces.

Leading them three men gave the key and led the music with accordions. Save for the expanding bellows of their instruments and flying fingers they might as

well have been silent, for their efforts were completely drowned in that flood of harmonious human voices.

I had seen men march to stirring music before, but never have I seen the beat and swing of a marching song so take possession of the men. They moved with feet and arms swinging in absolute precision, as if moved by one set of muscles. It was a marvelous, stirring, never-to-be-forgotten sight.

Here before me was that Russian "steam roller" the newspapers were always talking about. Strength, discipline, rhythm, power; a mighty people! —

Several months passed. Russia had collapsed. Kerensky was struggling with a hopeless task. I was returning to Salonika in an English staff car that had given me a "lift". We had missed our way and were endeavoring to get on to the Vardar plain and the main road that runs into Salonika.

Dusty and hot, my companion and I had lapsed into a tired silence, trying to make what speed we could along the side road that wound through low hills toward the plain.

Shooting around an abrupt bend and out from between the hills, we suddenly found ourselves on the main highway.

What a sight greeted us! We had plunged into the very midst of a great straggling mob marching, not to the front but away from it!

Tall men in soiled olive drab tunics, many without this or equipment of any kind. Here and there a sheepskin hat was tilted at a drunken angle above a savage, almost delirious face! Russians!

The road was choked with them and they overflowed on either side as groups and stragglers swarmed locust-like through houses clustered here and there in the fields.

Over the car they pressed as wild a mob as ever swept across the steppes. They were through with war, and had calmly deserted the front and were marching on Salonika.

Here and there a petty officer walked among them, his insignia stripped from his tunic, while newly "elected" officers rode on stolen horses. Over this maudlin horde a huge square of red cloth nailed to a stick flapped wildly in the hands of a drunken giant.

Stupefied, we sat awed and silent at the sight confronting us, while this wild stream poured and eddied around us. It scarcely seemed possible that this disorganized, delirious, hooting mob could be in any way a part of that great machine which had thrilled me in Marseilles just a few short months ago. A machine that had hypnotized the traffic on the water front with its discipline, its strength, its rhythm, and its power.

Yet before me marched these same men, weak, disorganized, helpless, a deluded and liberty-ruined people!

The Flag

BY MAJOR GENERAL HENRY G. SHARPE, '76, U. S. A.

OUR Flag and Our Alma Mater have always been intimately associated. The former was established by Resolution of Congress dated June 14, 1777, and the latter was incorporated in 1778. Many of the founders of our Country were patrons and visitors to the Academy in those early days.

"Our Starry Flag" (as Edward Everett once said) speaks for itself. Conscious of the noble ideals it typifies and of the high principles it represents, we reverently salute it: and, though no device or written words are allowed to be placed thereon, it bears to us the message, "In God be our trust".

The National flag represents the living country and is considered as a living thing to which we render our devotion, reverence, and respect. It is always kept under guard, given the place of honor; no other flag or color may be flown from its staff; a detail of the guard raises or lowers the flag; and when lowered, which must be done from the top of the staff, no portion of the flag is allowed to touch the ground. The National flag, when flown at a military post or when carried by troops, is *not* dipped by way of salute or compliment. Men, women too, have died to uphold it because of the ideals and principles it typifies and represents, and for the same reason it should always be borne proudly on high. When the National flag is worn out through service it should not be used for any other purpose. If not pre-

served it should be destroyed as a whole, privately, preferably by burning.

Many of the alumni and students of our Alma Mater have aided the Government and supported the flag in the several wars in which the Country has engaged.

In the World War a service flag was instituted for families, corporations, churches and institutions, to bear a white star for each member in service, and a gold star for each one who made the great sacrifice, in order to insure for us the liberty we now enjoy.

The Service Flag of our Alma Mater bears 2,278 stars, of which number 87 are of *gold*.

Franklin once remarked: "The heaviest debt is that of gratitude, when it is not in our power to repay it." Our debt to those men can never be satisfied, and, for that reason, we must make constant effort to carry on the work for which they made the great sacrifice.

"In the dream of the Northern poets
The brave who in battle die,
Fight on in shadowy phalanx
In the field of the upper sky;
* * *

"No fear for them! In our lower field
Let us toil with arms unstained,
That at last we be worthy to stand with them
On the shining heights they've gained.
We shall meet and greet in closing ranks,
In Time's declining sun,
When the bugle of God shall sound 'recall',
And the Battle of Life be won."

Andover in the Diplomatic Service

BY HON. EDWIN VERNON MORGAN, '86

Ambassador to Brazil

IT has fallen to Phillips Academy, Andover, to contain upon the rolls of its alumni the two men in the American Diplomatic service who at their respective posts have served longer as chiefs of mission than any other ministers or ambassadors.

Mr. George P. Marsh, of Vermont, an Andover alumnus, who was commissioned Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary on March 20, 1861, and whose portrait was or is in the Academy collections, acted as our principal representative in Italy for some twenty years, and Edwin V. Morgan, who was appointed Ambassador to Brazil in January, 1912, continues to represent his country at that post. The enactment of the Rogers' Act will probably in future give other American diplomatic officials an equal or longer term of service, but at present these two "records" to which Andover may lay claim have not been equalled.

Since the enactment of the Rogers Bill, as a useful and interesting career, our Diplomatic service affords

an opening to intelligent, industrious young men of high character who are willing to make the sacrifice of passing a number of years outside their own country, which in compensation brings them into relation with public and private persons who exercise influence upon the destinies of the leading countries of the world.

Brazil during the last sixteen years has vastly developed her natural resources, the further exploitation of which awaits an increase in population, the expansion of education facilities and the construction and maintenance of internal lines of communication. The cooperation of the Brazilian Delegation to the Pan-American Conference at Habana with the Delegates of the United States illustrates the close political relations which bind the two countries, which are the only two on the American continent which are not of Spanish origin and between which there has never been a break in friendly intercourse.



"Could it have been those Sunday sermons in the old Seminary Chapel?"

Retrospect

By REV. NEHEMIAH BOYNTON, '75

THERE is a time for everything under the sun, and retrospect can answer in vigorous rejoinder to the poet's query:

*"What is this life, if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?"*

Retrospect makes the time, the standing, and the stare while repeatedly it is as refreshing and as gratefully stimulating as "cool water to a thirsty soul".

Who can estimate the delight, or strength, or inspiration which leap to life when reminiscences of treasured days begin to speak again!

Henry Newbold goes back to his old school to see his boy just giving himself to his country in the dark war days. He stands before the old chapel and goes to confession before the altar of his memory.

*"This is the chapel; here my son,
Your father thought the thoughts of Youth,
And learned the words, that one by one,
The touch of Life has tuned to truth."*

Who can interpret the soul of one's retrospect or with accuracy place his finger upon particular incident or experience which was responsible for that something which inspired him to make his life a straightaway march breastforward?

Was it the memory of his own kin who had been Phillips boys before him? Was it "Philo", or the "Society of Inquiry"? Could it have been the unsuspected pedagogy of some teacher who saw the real boy while yet he was a great way off, somehow got a half-hitch on him and piloted him out into the channel?

Could it have been an unexpected meeting with his old Principal at a sweet cider conclave, to which the Principal was neither invited nor expected?

Could it have been those Sunday sermons in the old Seminary Chapel half a century ago, at the close of the morning edition of which, the preacher not infrequently would solemnly remark: "In the good pleasure of the Lord, we will continue this meditation in the afterpart of the day"?

Could it have been that indescribable feeling we experienced when loaning our double runners to the theologues, we sat on the fence in front of the Academy watching these incipient men of God do the honors to the Abbot girls, while under the law, we Phillips boys could only view the prospect from afar?

Was it our work which precipitated the forming purposes of our lives?

Who shall reveal the incident which introduced the essential?

But any way, somehow, something gripped us in the old school which may have surprised others as much as ourselves. We caught a glimpse of the meaning of real, rugged life and felt the stirrings of kindling desire to capture life, to live upon the heights, with their wide horizons and their stimulating prospects! For every indirect and anonymous influence which jostled us just a bit toward the real inspiration, we owe the direction, the discipline and the development of our lives. What a friend old Phillips has been to us as we have jousting in the lists of life! God bless the old school!

Some Recent Books of Importance

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Writer and Lampson Professor of English at Yale University



WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
From a painting by Jere Wickwire, '02

ONE wonders how some authors find time to read their own works, much less write them. It must take H. G. Wells, Eden Phillpotts, J. S. Fletcher many days and nights to read the proofs of their own compositions; the original work can be dictated but the proof must be read.

The Rise of American Civilization by Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard is a historical work conceived on original lines and written with dignity and distinction. The frontispiece to the first volume shows a man and an ox engaged in plowing; the first volume is called *The Agricultural Era*. As a matter of fact this picture might stand as a symbol of eternity; for as Waller said that the only two occupations in heaven we are sure of are singing and loving, so the only thing that is certain to last as long as earth is the tilling of the soil. Sound scholarship and an absolutely independent outlook are the characteristics of Charles and Mary Beard.

Two highly important and interesting works are the volumes *Greece* and *Rome* by Professor Rostovtzeff, and they are copiously illustrated. The author gives a presentation of the actual conditions of economic, social, artistic, political, literary, and domestic life. And what a difference between these works, built on

profound and patient scholarship, and the slapdash "Outlines" of the world in general and of anything in particular!

In purely literary scholarship, the most important book of the year is *The Road to Nanadu: A Study in the Ways of the Imagination*, by Professor John Livingston Lowes, of Harvard.

The completion of the Yale Shakespeare in forty volumes is worthy of special mention. A large number of scholars have cooperated in the production of this attractive and valuable edition. The last volume, completing the set, contains the Poems, and is edited by the famous Elizabethan specialist, Professor Albert Feuillerat of the University of Rennes. *Finis coronat opus*.

The foremost biographical works of the year were made in Germany. Two years ago the name of Emil Ludwig was unknown in America; in 1927 everyone was talking about him. Four of his substantial books have appeared in English translations — *Napoleon*, *The Last of the Kaisers*, *Bismarck*, *Genius and Character*; the last-named being a collection of stimulating biographical essays. Of these four books the most interesting is the one on Napoleon, partly because of the inescapable glamor of the subject; the least interesting is the one on Wilhelm, for the same reason; the most permanently valuable is the one on Bismarck.

Autobiographies, which, to many readers, are the most interesting of all books, increase and multiply. Of the great dead, Emerson and Thoreau appear in convenient and accessible form, both skilfully condensed. *The Heart of Emerson's Journals* and *The Heart of Thoreau's Journals* are two books to be shipwrecked with. The accomplished British journalist, J. A. Spender, has published in two volumes *Life, Journalism, and Politics*. He has known intimately the leading figures in English politics during the past fifty years, he is a man of the world, a scholar, a practical journalist, and withal spiritually minded; he knows how to write and how to give point to an anecdote.

An extraordinarily clever and altogether delightful book, half autobiography and half fiction, "truth and poetry," is *Some People*, by the English diplomat, Harold Nicolson. Here is a gallery of portraits worthy of Max Beerbohm or of anybody else.

In original American poetry, the year is chiefly notable for the appearance of *Tristram*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. This has made a deeper impression on the public and on the critics than any other volume of poetry written by an American in the twentieth century. Mr. Robinson's previous work had given him a deservedly high reputation; it was marked chiefly by intellectual qualities, the power of analysis,

(Continued on page 73)



THE OLD MAIN BUILDING
"Condemned by the Officials"

Scholarship and Life

By DAVID KINLEY, '78
President of the University of Illinois

BY scholarship I mean the accumulation of varied knowledge in many lines of culture, set in such relationship with one another, under the logical control of a well-balanced judgment, as will produce a personality independent, individual, yet in harmony with its social environment; a personality emancipated from control by herd opinion, self-mastered, self-critical, with balanced judgment and urbanity.

Someone has called education a "spiritual revaluation of human life". The finest spiritual revaluation of human life can be made by those of richest and ripest scholarship, in the sense in which I have attempted to describe or define it. For it is such a volume of knowledge of human values and relations, such experience of their operation, as produces in the individual a ripened and just judgment which enables its possessor to decide what is best worth knowing, what is best worth doing.

Scholarship is entirely compatible with the pursuit of a vocation or profession by which one makes his living. For the pursuit of a vocation or a profession implies only such detailed knowledge of it as is necessary to success in its pursuit. But aside from this knowledge one may have the wider knowledge that is the foundation, as well as the rich background, of personality and happiness in life. Indeed, that wider scholarship may well be the basis on which the vocational or professional specialization is built. For one cannot know everything. The part of scholarship is to select what is of most worth. To quote the old song referred to by Herbert Spencer in his discussion of this same subject:

Could a man be secure
 That his days would endure

As of old, for a thousand long years,
 What things might he know!
 What deeds might he do!
 And all without hurry or care.

The relation of scholarship to life is the relation between what Aristotle calls the "good life" and the causes which produce the good life. Scholarship, as I have remarked, produces or develops personality—rich, diverse, profound, well-balanced, harmonious internally and externally. In the scholar the intellectual, the moral, and the physical capabilities are in harmony. He, as an individual person, is in harmony with humanity, justice, and love. Scholarship brings to the scholar's life peace, serenity, helpfulness, idealism, in proportion to the richness and ripeness of his scholarship. It contributes, therefore, to his happiness in life and to his success in his calling, because success in one's calling is likely to be greater, the finer the equipoise of the individual character. Scholarship promotes all these results, therefore, in the life of the individual scholar and in his relations to his fellow men. He is able to look on the world and its doings with serenity, and yet with the kindly interest and desire to serve, which are strongest in the minds and hearts that know most about men and their doings, and therefore most fully understand the touch "of nature which makes the whole world kin." The scholar builds for himself a house upon a rock, in which he can find himself undisturbed by the waves of ignorance that beat against its foot.

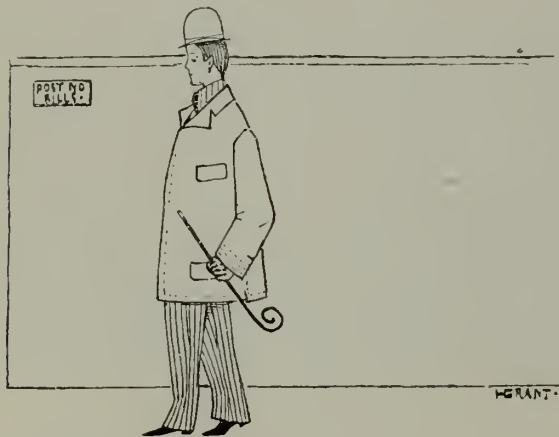
Upon the top of this wooded hill
 The temple we have builded stands serene,
 Stately and fair, with sunlit colonnades
 That open out for us on all the world.

From the Gay Nineties

(Continued from page 7)

and best of all we got a love of literature and a realization that study could be interesting. None of which, I may add, did I ever get out of the study of English, as prescribed by the College Entrance boards.

Many years later the boy went back, and attended again a Greek class. The first pupil to translate began with line 39, page 56. The old boy easily found line 39, page 56. But thereafter he never knew where anybody was unless the word *Zeus* was spoken. That was absolutely the only word on the page which he could recognize! Considerably amused, he told Mr. Benner after class. But, like Queen Victoria, Mr. Benner was not amused. In fact, he was flattering enough to express surprise, and he was also obviously grieved. I am afraid he felt that he had failed in teaching this boy. Alas, how little any teacher knows on what soil his seed is falling, or even, sometimes, the nature of the seed!



It is only a '92 man sporting his new cane.

Vachel Rutisgrwt

(Continued from page 8)

gone to bed, even peering under their beds for clarinets to repair; the Exeter girls had gone back to their dormouses, as we called them in those days; the sub-primaries had been put into their sleeping bags; Andover was all a-still; then only Vachel Rutisgrwt came out of his hiding place under an aspirin leaf.

"Who wants me?" he whispered.

CHAPTER 3

It was the morning after the Junior Prom. Cynthia Beggmi, captain of Exeter's swimming four, called me out of an unsound sleep.

"Where is Vachel?" she asked.

"I ain't even been looking for Vachel."

"What have you been looking for?"

"The mine where your teeth was dug from," I replied.

(The next installment of this serial will appear in the *Tricentennial Record* of 2078).

A Horrible Example

(Continued from page 13)

no. In the matter of writing books I was as ill-prepared as I had been to play a guitar in the Mandolin Club. In early youth, before I had studied English grammar, I was taken out of public school and placed in a private school, the headmaster of which believed in the active application of the theory of evolution, so he started at bottom, with Greek and Latin leading up to English and I left his school before I had progressed as far as English, and left with out knowing much about Greek or Latin, either. I attended other private schools and had tutors before I came to Andover, but they all ignored English grammar. When I came to Andover it was presumed that I had already studied English grammar, so they started me in on Greek and Latin again.

So, in casting about for my life's work and being unable to say no, I chose that particular line of endeavor for which I was signally ill-equipped. I am a horrible example and as such I present myself to the careful scrutiny of the young men of Andover in the hope that they may discover in these, my confessions, a moral for their own guidance.

Andover's Value to the Sons of the Rich and Great

(Continued from page 24)

Andover gives us something which is far more important than the actual education we receive out of the books. It gives us a transition between the restrictions of the home, and the complete freedom, which too often we turn into license, of the outside world. In Andover, more than in any school I know, an endeavor is made to guide and not to restrict the actions of the students. That this effort is successful is borne out by the statement of a Yale graduate who told me that as to behavior, the Yale authorities had less trouble from the Phillips Andover graduates — and I am in honor bound to say that he coupled Exeter with Andover — than from the graduates of any of the other secondary schools. This is due to the fact that Andover endeavors to educate boys to make their own decisions and not to live by unexplained rules and regulations. Consequently in point of view of character the boys turned out from Andover are apt to be better equipped to handle problems of daily life than sophomores educated in the more strictly run schools.

The splendid scholastic records of our school are a matter of pride to her graduates. The splendid equipment installed on the hill in the last decade has received and deserves to receive the whole-hearted support of the faculty and graduates. But I would sacrifice the buildings and equipment without a thought in order to save the system of character education (largely through watchful, non-interfering guidance), that has been built up by the traditions of many generations of Andover Headmasters and teachers and brought to such an outstanding high mark by the present administration.

Editorials

(Continued from page 20)

altogether degenerate needs what a school like Phillips Academy can give. It is stimulating to be identified with an institution which wants not only to *be*, but to *become*. Those of us who have been associated with it far longer than we really want to admit have seen in our connection with it an opportunity to contribute something to the generations which shall follow us. What the school may accomplish in any one isolated month may seem to be unimportant; but, if it continues to glorify scholarship and character, it is destined to become even more influential in the state.

That it has already acquired merit may be deduced in some degree from this *Sesquicentennial Record*, in which scores of men, some of them graduates of the school, others only its friends, have joined in testifying to its preeminence in educational circles. A glance over the list of contributors reads like a page from *Who's Who in America*. Here are bankers and soldiers, teachers and poets, artists and statesmen, all offering their evidence as to the prestige which Phillips Academy enjoys in 1928. It is a stately and awe-inspiring display, this long show of names, and one in which the editors are warranted in taking pride. The ideas of Samuel Phillips, Jr., have animated thousands of men to do better work and encouraged them to shoulder responsibilities. It is this chiefly which makes our 150th anniversary of notable significance; and Phillips Academy will continue to fulfill this worthy mission just so long as those who serve it are faithful to their trust, remembering that they may be building better than they know.

Andover in the Some-Time-Since

(Continued from page 12)

hard cases, the trouble is merely that they must reach some decision.

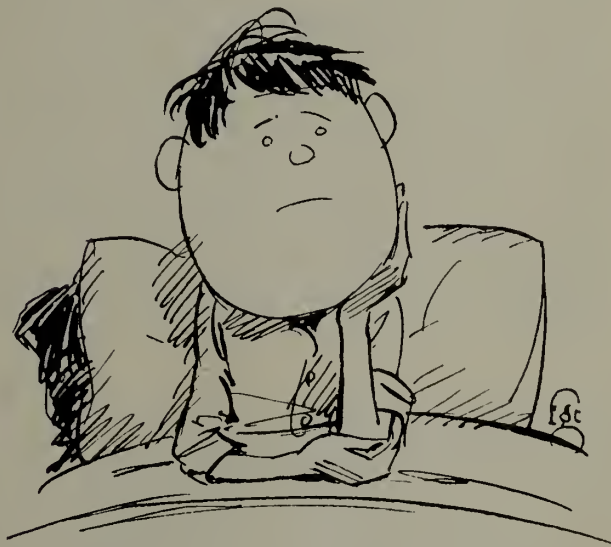
Moreover it is with school-masters much as it is with doctors. Their successes shine forth and do them credit, their failures in due time are buried and meantime are not apt to be advertised as failures of a system of education. When one reads of the old style of discipline and teaching at Andover and of the quality of the men who put it over, the propensity is to disparage all contemporary efforts by comparison. We may remember for our comfort that the glorious results of the old method have been pictured on the very sky and where they slipped up pious hands have drawn veils over the results.

One of the institutions of Andover in my day was the Mansion House, a really delightful house of entertainment that afterwards burned up. Some of the boys boarded there. I did in my senior year and remember as a fellow boarder Elizabeth Stuart Phelps well known in those days as the author of "The Gates Ajar."

The Mansion House was built I believe by some member of the Phillips family and probably enlarged to suit its needs and purposes as a hotel. It took care of

the relatives of the boys who came there and also, no doubt, did a business with summer residents. The stage ran to it from the depot and one of the pictures that is left to me is of that stage coming up the hill loaded up sometimes with boys when the term began or ended and sometimes with commencement visitors.

During my last year at Andover I roomed at the Stowe House, often called the Stone House. Either name was appropriate for Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had lived there and the house was built of stone. One of my companions there was Emmons Blaine, a member of the next class to mine whose brother Walker was in the class of '71. Their father in those days was "Speaker Blaine." Both of the Blaine boys were interesting fellows with lively minds. Both died young and greatly lamented. Emmons was in the class next to mine in Harvard College. He came out of a family where there was always good talk and his own talk was always lively, and richer in current information than most of ours. One of his possessions that I remember in the Stowe House was a bunch of tickets to the proceedings in the House of Representatives for the impeachment of Andrew Johnson which had taken place four years before. That seems far off doesn't it?



I had the mumps that Spring of '72, was shut up in that house for a week or two, and a picture that abides in me is of the rapture of getting out finally into a world lovely with apple blossoms and walking through the Seminary grounds to the Mansion House to renew relations with my meals.

Since Prohibition, rum seems to have become a factor in the discipline of large schools. It made little trouble in my day at Andover. Boys went off to Lawrence and played billiards, and perhaps sometimes got some beer, but seldom to hurt. In my last year my classmate Charles Macy and I, having inquiring minds about the incidents and accessories of polite life, imported some claret. I don't know how we got it, but it came in flat bottles and we drank it with due moderation and without evil results. When our class went to its reunion at

the Mansion House three years after we graduated, someone, Charles Bird I think it was, wishing to increase the conviviality of the proceedings sent up a box or two of American champagne, but we never got it. It was promptly confiscated under some local option law that obtained in Massachusetts at that time, presumably by Deacon Chandler.

I have no memory of ever seeing a bathroom at Andover. I remember the exercising apparatus in the gymnasium of that day, now or lately a dining hall, but if there were washing facilities there, and I presume there were, they did not make much impression on me. Bathrooms did exist in the early '70s, but I was raised in a country house where there was no running water and no bathrooms, and where the time-honored institution of the Saturday night tub was still observed. I do not think we were particularly clean at Andover in 1870 but we were neither unhealthy nor unhappy.

If ablutions and sanitation were less conspicuous in the '70s than they are now it was not so as to clothes. Clothes abounded, especially women's clothes. It was the era of the Grecian bend and of that detail of garb known as the bustle, and a lady fully adorned in the raiment that was in style was like an army with banners and a figure that suggested prosperity in textiles. The ladies we saw most of at Andover belonged more to intellectual than to fashionable society and were not as a rule embarrassed by surplus funds, and probably did not follow the fashions more than was convenient. But now and then there would come along some visiting family with girls that had real style, and who, driving up on top of the coach from the station to the Mansion House or walking down that austere street that fronted the Seminary grounds and past the houses of the Seminary professors, afforded a spectacle that left no youthful observer quite the same as he was before he saw it.

Of course the clothes of the boys were about the same as now. Male attire does not vary much, or has not, at least, since wigs and queues went out and trousers got the better of breeches. Any man who has a picture to paint or a statue to make says modern clothes are bad, but they are comfortable enough, less trouble than they were one hundred years ago and improve in cloth and make-up even though they do not change radically in style. The vogue of sport has made some changes, most of them good, but nothing has happened to men's clothes at all comparable to the transformation that has befallen the attire of women.

The theologs of the Seminary figured in the picture of that day in which the Seminary, since moved to Cambridge, was still an Andover institution. Some of them taught in Biblical. Since the connection between the school and the Seminary was always intimate (both institutions being in charge, I believe, of the same trustees) we regarded the theologs as more or less adjuncts of the school. Some of the theological professors were very notable men, Dr. Park and Dr. Phelps especially, and doubtless others of whom the memory

does not abide with me so distinctly. They helped notably to give character to the village and character certainly abounded in it.

As to religion in the school, there was plenty of it. There were revivals, prayers twice a day, plenty of church, Bible teaching and a religious society, The Enquiry, among the students. A good many of the boys got religion there and in some of them it stayed.

Pomps Pond, where we used to go swimming in summer and sometimes held tub races, doubtless still continues its useful ministrations. The boys of the school always paraded on Decoration Day and generally wound up at Pomps Pond.

The gymnasium in the old school building above the Seminary did an active business. The director of gymnastics in my day was a theolog, Frederick Palmer, a brother of Professor George H. Palmer of Harvard College. He was highly proficient in his exercises. One of our notable gymnasts was my classmate William G. Morse, the son (I think the youngest son) of S. F. B. Morse, whose fame as the author of the Morse Alphabet for the telegraph has far outrun his considerable reputation as a portrait painter. The Morse family were faithful backers of the school. Richard C. Morse, a nephew of the famous electrician, had been tutor in my father's family for a couple of years and it was through his influence that my brother and I were sent to Andover. He became himself widely known and honored as general secretary for many years of the Y. M. C. A.

A school-master, the head of a girls school in New York and a notable scholar, once said to me, "When we have provided the building and heated it and assembled the pupils, that is three quarters of the job." He had the feeling apparently that the provision of environment and association furnished the most important element in school. As one looks back on school days the same impression is apt to intrude. Of course the teaching is important. It is the great central fact of the School. I think in my day at Andover it was good, but what one remembers is not so much the teaching, which is taken for granted, as the association with the other boys and the gradual progress in the understanding of life. The world is so new to a school boy! Adolescence is an extraordinary time anyhow, bringing all manner of new thoughts, impulses and developments. Add to that the shift from home and home direction to the qualified liberty of the school, and you have a tremendous change.

One of the memories that I have is of starting out in the frosty morning air to walk to class or breakfast on the frozen streets, and of the exhilaration that sometimes accompanied that very simple experience. That was youth instinctively rejoicing in growing strength; the same impulse of the blood that stirred the horse that "saith among the trumpets Ha Ha; and smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the Captains, and the shouting." Truly a great school is a great door opening into life. So was Andover in my time, and so, I presume, in an even greater degree, is Andover now.

War Memorials

(Continued from page 19)

superb Crusader edifice, inspiring in scale and design, where pregnant Latin mottoes, "absentes adsunt" and the like, remind us of the great cloud of unseen worshippers.

Here indeed we approach our ideal: we have a noble thought executed: but I still hold that the truest memorial is one which serves no other function. It does not even provide a home for daily worship.

I pass then to my conclusion — I know no truer and fairer Memorial than the white Campanile of Andover, which often rises before my eyes, towering among its towering elms and ringing music born in Belgium across your great Campus.

It stands in the highway of your daily life, to which it adds a special note of aspiration, reminding those "who pass where they passed", whether bent on work or play, that the end of all endeavour is faithful service in peace or in war.

He Came to Himself

(Continued from page 22)

importance, — that men should be offered acquaintanceship with themselves.

On a fall day, I stood on the sidelines of a football field beside a great coach. He said to me of a certain mighty attractive boy who was a candidate for the team, "He will find himself some day and be a great player."

Later in the afternoon, I asked at the hospital after a boy who had had a bad fall from a horse and had been knocked unconscious. The doctor replied, "He is all right; he is himself again."

This repetition of the word "himself" kept working through my mind in some familiar association which I could not for a time quite capture. At length I grasped it and recalled the parable of the prodigal son, wherein the statement was made in the Scriptural account that "He came to himself." He had no longer lost himself; he had not forgotten himself; he was not beside himself. He had found himself; he had come to himself; he *was* himself.

It is an interesting illustration of the instinctive reasoning of men's minds, and of what I believe to be actual fact, that our real selves are always assumed to be our more intelligent, our more purposeful, our more thoughtful, our more generous, and our more responsible selves.

When all is done and said, the school or college does not and cannot change the self of any man. It cannot make a foolish man wise; it cannot make a lazy man industrious; it cannot make a bad man good; and it cannot make a small man great. It can, however, offer guidance and sometimes inspiration to a man to distinguish between his baser and his better characteristics. It can help him through the involved labyrinth of his personality to find those qualities the recognition of which may bring him to himself. Thus a man can be

enabled more nearly to capitalize those qualities of wisdom, industry, goodness, and size which, in varying degrees, attach to the real selves of all of us.

This, fundamentally, is the great responsibility of education.

A Looking Backward Prophecy

(Continued from page 23)

of this unexpected and optimistic progress would prove to be a trespass on editorial courtesy. But I do venture to suggest two or three reasons. The school was more interested in the future of us boys than in our present. The present, important as it was, was only a means or a condition of the future. The Principal and his associates were planting seeds for far-off fruit, and not for immediate and withering blossoming. They knew that what seemed to us boys so useless, so drab, and at times so tiresome, was sure to become, in the long tomorrow, of the highest and most lasting worth. It is also to be remembered as an apparent cause of the surprising enrichment that life itself tends to give development to good men. As the brook purifies itself by its onflowing, so the proper life, as lived decade by decade, creates strength, ennobles motives, and lifts ideals. A selected group, as those boys were, improves by natural, human forces and processes. It may be said further, as an apparent cause, that we boys did not see into each other or understand each other with the best reasoning. If we had been able to see or to understand we, too, might have been prophets before, as well as after, life's growths and fruitage.

This interpretation, which I venture to give, may well bear good cheer to present teachers, to fathers and to mothers, and even to the boys themselves of today, who are questioning and wondering whether they shall ever amount to anything anyway! Boys, you will, you shall.



The singing in the chapel of the Old Main Building had its bad effects.

Sixty Years Ago and Today

(Continued from page 29)

missed with the warning, "We will see you again about this matter". I never heard of it again, and never heard why I was arrested, tried, convicted, and sent away with the pretence of a suspended sentence hanging over me.

Such conduct naturally produced hostility among the students — more than hostility, contempt, hatred. With some this was modified by a high opinion of Dr. Taylor as a teacher; though this needs qualifications which it would be too long to detail. But the attitude of the student body as a whole was one of complete antagonism to the ruling powers, or rather, power. I ought to say, however, that I was told that after I left School Dr. Taylor's attitude gradually changed, so that at his sudden death in 1872 the School as a body could declare, "We loved him".

Again, I do not need to point the contrast. I believe there is today between Faculty and students an attitude of understanding and cooperation and that they are in close, even loving touch. At a recent Commencement I saw Dr. Stearns preside with dignity in the forenoon, speak at the annual Dinner, don a baseball suit in the afternoon and captain to victory an Alumni team while cheers of "Al! Al!" rang out, and in the evening welcome the guests at a dance in the gymnasium. Such close and hearty association with the students has brought about in the School an atmosphere of incalculable worth. It makes us old fellows regret what we missed. Yet that is perhaps after all as we wish it — that our children should have a better world to live in than we had.

An Incident of the Great War

(Continued from page 30)

"I just heard someone singing an Andover song. Are you an Andover man?"

The soldier rose and came toward the track saying: "Yes, I came over with the Andover ambulance unit, but am now in the motor transport." Just then our train jerked forward throwing me back into the compartment among the packs piled between the seats. As I regained the open door the train, rapidly gaining headway, had moved some distance down the platform. "Good old school, Andover!" I shouted at the rapidly receding figure. "Best there is!" came the reply, just audible above the rattle of the ancient rolling stock.

That was back in 1918, and when the incident comes to my mind I mentally repeat the query I made that night as I settled back against the hard back of the train seat — "I wonder who he was?"

A Memory of T'ai Yuan-Fu

(Continued from page 32)

report now that that is what I did. Just stood there and felt around. Found it. Dragged it forward with my toe. Reached back and pulled it on.

The lights reappeared. Came bobbing back. John, in his best pidgin English, tried to apologize. In what may or may not have seemed to those yellow men a rather dignified, even a magnificent, outburst of righteous anger, I ordered John back to his place. And instructed him to send the rear guard back where that ragged exponent of the Chinese military arts belonged. I am short of stature, or I should have been, I believe, splendid indeed. Excepting that it is not over easy to be splendid in pidgin English. That there might be a trace of humor in the situation — a prisoner insistently putting himself back into custody — did not occur to me at the time.

The next day I was received in State at the Yamen of His Excellency. My guards were dismissed, and a small cavalry escort assigned to protect me on my further travels. Mr. Sowerby accompanied me as interpreter, and afterward took me back to his compound for lunch.

While we were there two lictors — or runners — arrived from the Yamen bearing trays of presents. There were a few bottles of native wine that tasted like a particularly acid vinegar. Other odds and ends. And two tins of sauerkraut. These last looked like battered cylinders of lead. The labels had long since been rubbed off. Some German traveller must have left them out there. Doubtless His Excellency thought they would be, to me, a pleasant reminder of home.

I Wish I Had Had

(Continued from page 35)

Latin Composition (not merely Latin sentences) by which my power to understand and write English was greatly advanced in one of my early college years.

But there are some things that I wish my education, whether in school or college, had included; I should be sorry to go through life again without them.

In the first place I put the understanding of spoken French. The failure to acquire this when I was young has been a handicap all my life, and will prove an even greater one for the coming generation than it has for mine. Speaking French follows readily on understanding it, if a suitable chance for practice can at some time be found. The other language that I wish I had learned is mathematical — the Calculus, which when I was in college was deemed "higher mathematics", appropriate only to the elect, but now proves to be wholly within the capacity of any normal freshman.

I also wish I had read more books and faster, especially novels and lighter literature. For that my summers in the whole period ought to have been carefully planned and a great mass of books devoured with delight. It could have been done, if I had aimed at it, and not taken the reading too seriously.

Another thing I ought to have been deliberately taught (not being by nature gifted thereto) was to play tennis well, instead of lazily and badly. We did play whist, and to play bridge sufficiently well is merely the modern equivalent of that. The lack of skill in other

games has not particularly interfered with my later comfort. Golf is useful, but not a game for boys. Their time is too precious for anything so slow.

Somehow, too, an understanding of the structure of music could and ought to have been given me, and such an intellectual grasp as enables one not merely to enjoy but to follow a complex orchestral piece. And if any suitable teaching of drawing and of the use of water-colors and training in sketching had been brought to me, while I should never have excelled, it would have been of immense usefulness and pleasure — for scientific purposes, for little records of travel, as giving a notion of what great painters of many schools and countries aimed at in their pictures, and as a pure pastime.

I do not suppose these exhaust the list of things that I could have been taught or could have picked up by the way. But they are what occur to me. The Phillips Academy of the future ought to be, and we are confident sometime will be, a place where a boy who wants these things can get every one of them. Some of them — a few — can be given by formal classes; most of them depend on the provision of opportunities and then the creation of such an atmosphere that boys will be naturally stimulated to want these things for themselves and not be ashamed to say so, and will reach out their tentacles and grope about until they hold them as prized possessions.

Andover in the Early Seventies

(Continued from page 37)

enough to accommodate the little groups who wanted to bowl or swing Indian clubs. One of the boys acted as janitor; there was no instructor.

Andover was known as a Yale fitting school, both orthodoxically and also because of careful attention to Greek roots. Harvard was regarded as lax in religion and exact scholarship. However, some boys would take that downward path, although it was deemed the harder of the two. Boys went to Amherst for religion, or to Dartmouth for brawn. So they thought when making a choice.

Church morning and afternoon on Sunday. It was a rare treat when Professor Park of the Theological Seminary preached his famous "Peter" and "Judas" sermons. People came from miles around, hitched their horses to the fence, and listened spellbound to the orator whose eye was like to that of the Ancient Mariner. Every one felt that preacher was looking straight at him and through him. Often in later years I have read those sermons, to edification and with hardly a question as to the theology, for they were based primarily on an understanding of human nature. Professor Austin Phelps occasionally read to his Seminary class a sermon he was not physically able to preach. His daughter, Elizabeth Stuart, had written "Gates Ajar," the heterodox best seller of the day. Theological students got practice by conducting Phillips classes in the Greek Testament, on Mondays.

The Fem Sem had for principals the Misses Philena and Phoebe McKeen, dragons to the boys who periodically stole the seminary skeleton. One of the girls poured water on the head of a peeping Tom and then embalmed the episode in a poem which was read at the annual Philo Exhibition. The McKeens allowed the poetess, disguised as an old woman, to go to hear her own production and a Senior's feeble answer thereto. Afterwards the three had a good laugh at the expense of the boys. Out of this adventure came the founding of the *Abbot Courant*.

With many of the Phillips boys and Abbot girls of those days my acquaintance has continued; and I find that their memories have kept them young in spirit. Not many of them have set water afire; but — excepting one who got into jail and one who didn't quite — they have been good and useful citizens, and the world has been the better because of their lives.

Some Recent Books of Importance

(Continued from page 66)

philosophical thought, economy of style. But *Tristram* is glowing with passion and imagination, and the language is exceedingly beautiful. It is work that any poet in the world would be proud to sign.

The last year is like all others in seeing more new works of prose fiction than of any other variety; some of these are good enough for any place or period. The finest American novel of 1927 is *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, by Thornton Wilder. This young man, who was born in 1897, has apparently seen more of the world and of human nature in thirty years than many see in eighty. His first novel, published two years ago, was an exotic and allusive will-o'-the-wisp, called *The Cabala*. I read it through with interest, charmed by the subtle music of the style; but I did not know then, nor do I know now, what it was all about. I was content however to listen. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* is an immense advance; in the former work he was tuning up his instrument. Here he has something to say, in fact a great deal. This is an original and beautiful work of art. It is original in its conception, in its plan and construction, in its characterization, and in its method of presentation. As for the style, Arnold Bennett, who ought to know, calls it "absolutely first rate work."

Death Comes for the Archbishop is a series of pictures, static rather than dynamic. It is purposely written in exactly the opposite manner to that of our magazine fiction; there are few dramatic or exciting incidents. It is a series of beautiful pictures of a certain aspect of American life that needed just this treatment. Willa Cather wrote this book to please herself, which is why it pleases all readers of taste and intelligence.

A star of the first magnitude has joined the ranks of the novelists. This is the Englishman H. M. Tomlinson, whose first novel, *Gallions Reach*, is a work of high distinction. He wrote it just to see if he could write a novel. He should be satisfied.



SAMUEL PHILLIPS, JR.
Founder of Phillips Academy

Petrarch the Humanist

(Continued from page 61)

her; as he wrote on the first page of a codex of Vergil, "I am convinced that her soul, as Seneca said of Africanus, has returned to heaven, whence it came. Henceforth the bitter memory will remain with a certain bitter sweetness and most powerfully in this place and no joy will remain to me as long as I shall live."

In spite of this sorrow, which he cherished in his solitude in the lovely valley of the Sorgue, he continued collecting ancient manuscripts. He had been fortunate enough to find two hitherto unknown orations and a collection of the Epistles of Cicero. He himself wrote in excellent Latin a most fascinating letter to the long dead orator, setting the example for later authors to indite epistles to the dead. Many of the princely houses of Italy would have been glad to welcome him under their roofs, and, though he had no private fortune and enjoyed only what the Medici family and other patrons bestowed upon him, he preferred his independence, and in a fascinating series of familiar letters he lavished his learning and his flashing wit on his friends through correspondence rather than in daily intercourse. "The Columbus of a new spiritual hemisphere" passionately devoted himself to his books and ancient manuscripts. Here is what he wrote to his friend Frater Gerardus, the Carthusian:

"Lest you might think that I am immune to all the frailties of men, an inexplicable cupidity has me in its clutches and up to the present time I have not been able to curb it, nor have I desired to do so, for I do not flatter myself that to be covetous of honorable things is dishonorable. Dost thou expect to hear of some illness? Nay, I can not sate my hunger for books: and perhaps I have more than is becoming. But as in other things, so it happens to books: success in acquiring is a spur to avarice. Gold, silver, gems, purple raiment, marble halls, a cultivated field, paintings, a well caparisoned steed, and all that sort of thing confer a mute and

superficial pleasure, books give delight to the inmost soul (*medullitus*); they converse, console, and attach themselves to us by a certain vital and close familiarity."

How charmingly he writes, in his vivid, clear, beautiful Latin, of the simple pleasures he gets from his residence "ad fontem Sorgiae". He has successfully "waged war" upon his body, having come to regard his throat, his belly, his tongue, his eyes, and his ears not as essential organs but as impious enemies. His eyes especially, he declares, which were always inclined to lead him into all sorts of rashnesses, had caused him many troubles, but now he has taught them to behold almost nothing beyond the sky, the mountains, and the fountains, and he almost repeats his expression in the letter just cited, which readers may like to try to translate from the original: "Non aurum, non gemmae, non ebur, non purpuram, non equos, nisi duos eosque ipsos exiguos, qui cum unico puero, hic me vallibus circumvectant, postremo nullius usquam mulieris nisi vilicae meae faciem, quam si videas, solitudinem Lybicam aut Aethiopicam putes te videre".

"Had Helen worn such a face," he goes on to say, "Troy would be still standing, if Lucretia and Virginia, Tarquin would not have been expelled from his kingdom and Appius would not have ended his life in prison." The only fly in the ointment is that he can not find good servants. He devotes a whole letter to recriminations against the class. He cites Seneca's saying: "so many servants, so many enemies," and swears: "ego bonum servum numquam vidi" — I have never seen a good servant.

If one's knowledge of Latin is sufficiently tempered to cope with Petrarca's letters, I should earnestly advise reading them in the original: they are well worth the pains. At all events, it is surely a matter of courtesy to a great poet and an even greater lover, to devote a few hours to reading Petrarca's tribute to his beloved Laura at this time, so close to the sixcentenary of that immortal meeting in the church of Saint Clara in Avignon. Petrarca was one of the greatest men of the Renaissance, and the debt of learning, at least of classical learning, to his unceasing labors can never be adequately expressed.

Delphi

(Continued from page 54)

Phillips track team, proposed that we should celebrate our day by a course down and back in the footsteps of those glorious young Greeks celebrated in the verses of Pindar. But his proposal fell on deaf ears. The July sun was now high, and the forenoon had become too hot — for western men dressed in modern costume. So we sat in the shadows of a retired nook and pictured to ourselves the lively and colorful scenes that had once animated this stadium and the theatre below us. "Creatures of a day", said Pindar, "what is anyone? What is he not? Man is but a dream of a shadow; but whenever a heaven-sent shaft of sunshine comes, radiant light rests on men and gentle is their space of life".

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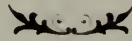
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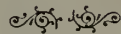


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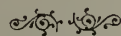
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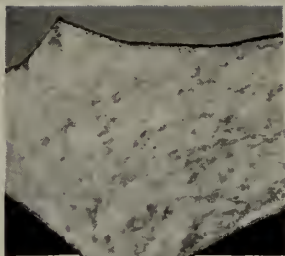
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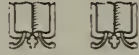
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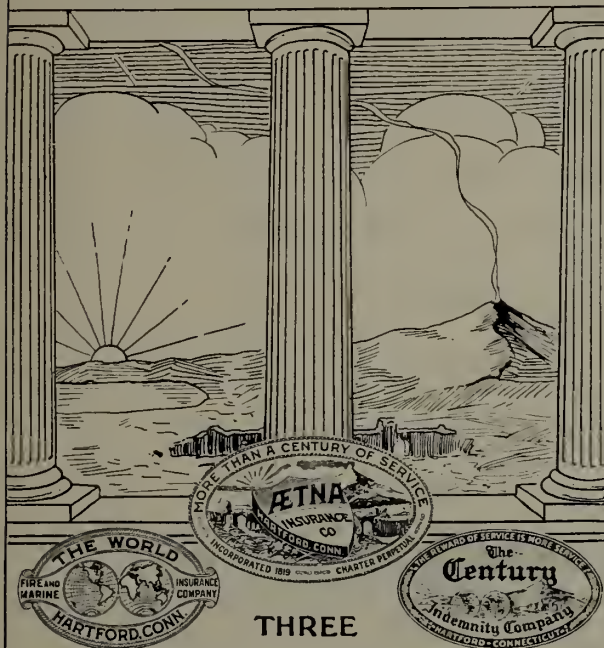
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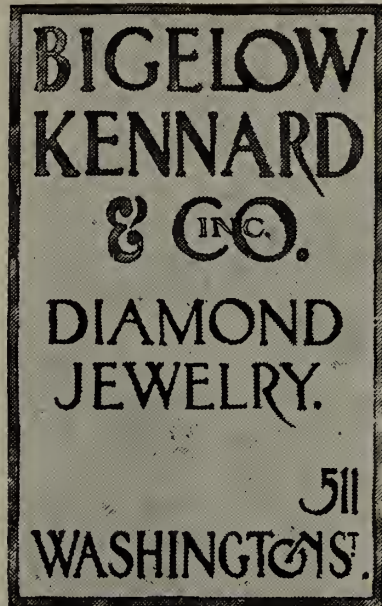
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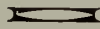
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